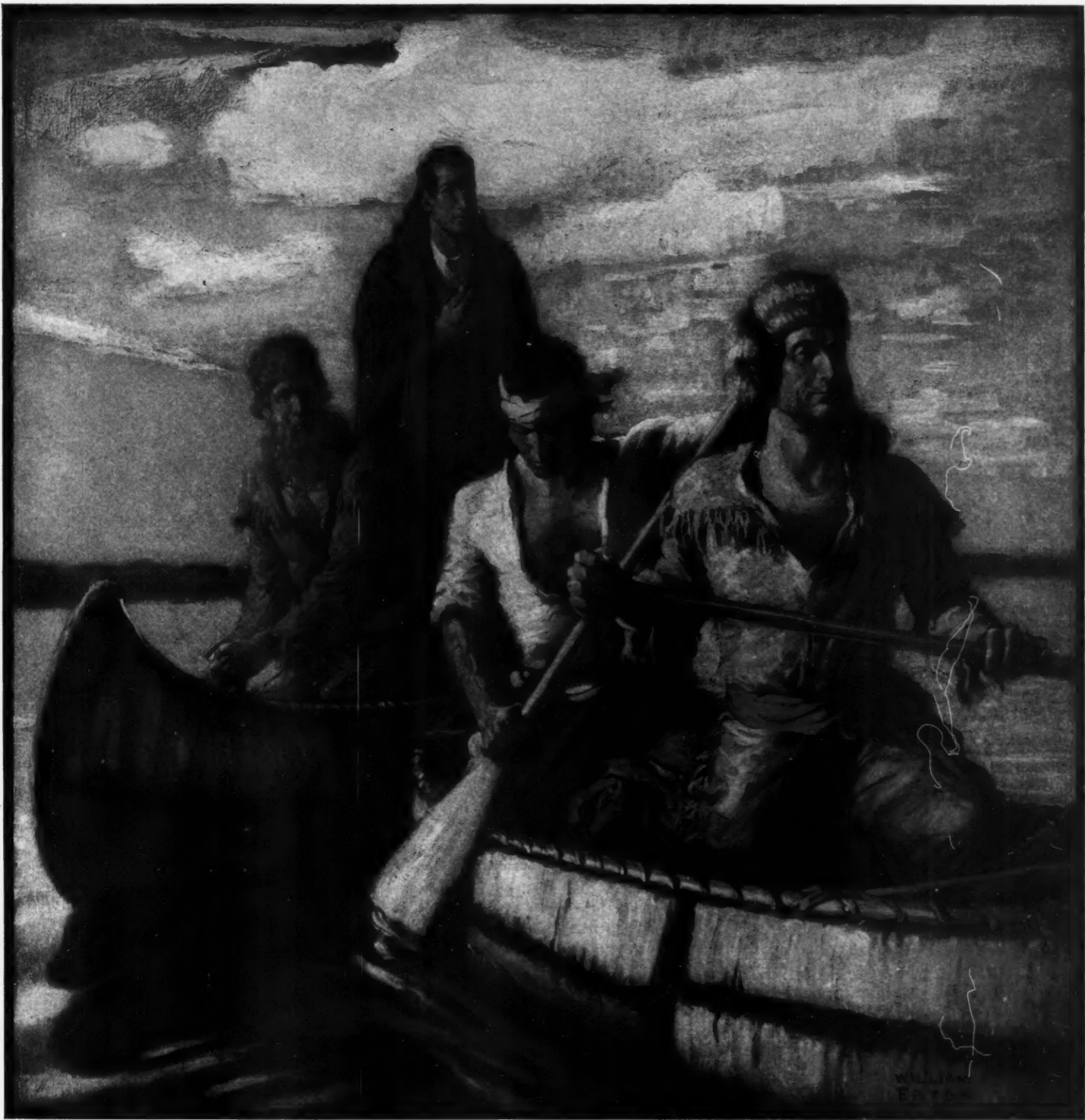


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION HISTORIC MILESTONES



OPENING THE GATEWAY TO A NEW EMPIRE..
FOR AGES THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI ROLLED UPON ITS
WAY AND KNEW NO WHITE MAN BUT THE SPANIARD OF
THE SOUTH. THEN ONE MORNING IT BORE UPON ITS
BOSOM TWO CANOES FROM WHICH STEPPED FORTH
UPON THE EASTERN SHORE PERE MARQUETTE THE MISSIONARY
AND LOUIS JOLIET HIS COMPANION AND GUIDE—THE FIRST WHITE
MEN TO SET FOOT ON WHAT IS NOW OUR ILLINOIS

MAY 3, 1923



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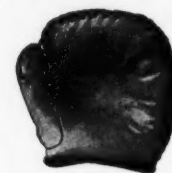
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The famous G56. The favorite of Big League players

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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THE MARCHING OF UNCLE JIM

By Ernest
Elwood
Stanford

FROM the tiny porch on the cottage clinging to the hillside Uncle Jim could look far up and down the valley. It was a bit of a house, little and old and gray, stuck like a lichen on the weather-beaten face of the granite mountain. Uncle Jim had no need of spacious halls. A wisp of a man, like his house little and old and gray, he clung still to the hard and ledge-bound life that his fathers and fathers' fathers had lived before him. Straight as an arrow,—he had to be, he said, to see anything,—slender and lean with the tough leanness of the hardback that fought him for his pastures, shrewd, kindly-faced, with a little sharp gray beard and little sharp blue eyes where a thousand kindly wrinkles centred, he weighed perhaps a hundred pounds, eyes, beard and all.

He looked across the valley toward a larger house, trim and white, with a trim white fence round it. By the gateway on that late spring evening stood a girl. Before the half-closed opening a young man leaned toward her. The distance was considerable, but with a keen eye that for fourscore years had seen the goings and comings of youths and maidens and with a keen old brain that supplied the detail the eye might not trace Uncle Jim could read the picture.

The girl was slender, of medium height, fair and pallid; shadows of melancholy lurked in her downcast eyes. The man who bent toward her was older, though he was still young. He was powerfully limbed and had the frame of an athlete. His head was massive; his features were strong and dark, not harsh but kindly where a hint of sternness might have been looked for. It was the face of a strong but silent man, a steadfast friend, a merciful foe.

The girl turned slowly and walked toward the house. Her head was still lowered; she walked slowly but with a firm step; she seemed sad and not once did she look back. The man watched her for a moment; then he too turned. His head also was slightly bowed, but his shoulders were square. His departure suggested neither retreat nor victory. The old man saw in the young man's bearing resignation, endless patience and courage.

Uncle Jim sighed. "Dave ain't farin' very well," he said below his breath. "Little Jim, he'd be sorry. Where he is they don't mind—what folks sometimes think they would."

He fell silent for a little while. "I'll be marchin' pretty soon. And I won't like to tell little Jim they ain't happy." Again he was silent. "Lord," he said at last, "you show me how to fix things!"

Years ago—to Uncle Jim it was yesterday—two little boys had played round his door. They were not his children, for Uncle Jim had never married. There had been a girl in Uncle Jim's life, but when—young Jim then—he had put away the drum that had rattled from Bull Run to Appomattox she was not there to greet him. Quite simply he had stayed alone and waited through the years. The boys were his niece's. He had taken the orphans at her deathbed.

In Uncle Jim Dave and little Jim had had father and mother. No one else had fed them, washed them, bound their little bruises, watched all night by their beds when they suffered with childish ills, smoothed with endless patience their childish altercations. The trio had been inseparable, Uncle Jim and Dave and little Jim.

Little Jim had been the village favorite, a blue-eyed laughing youngster, a merry scapegrace, a brilliant pupil as far as his



That was the day of days for Uncle Jim and little Jim and Dave



village schooling went, a gay companion. Dave, who was the older, the darker, the graver and the quieter, watched over little Jim with vigilant love and endless care; in times of stress he was his brother's rescuer; in gayer moments he was his willing slave.

Little Jim was made of music; big Dave had not a note. From the days of kilts Uncle Jim had drilled his namesake with bugle, fife and drum. One Memorial Day, clad in a tiny blue copy of his uncle's well-worn uniform, little Jim had trudged by the veteran's side in the annual parade when the town did honor to the army dead. The old drum had rattled at the head of the procession, and stridently the fife of little Jim had carried the old marching tunes. That was the day of days for Uncle Jim and little Jim and Dave—the bit of drama that crowned the quiet year.

Time had passed and with it childhood. When the call came for a greater war than Uncle Jim had ever known little Jim had been among the first to enroll. Below his name less conspicuously but just as firmly big Dave had written his. As years ago the village had turned out for the marching of old Jim and his long-dead comrades, so now it watched the boys that the new crisis had called to march away. In the edge of the crowd, white-faced yet calm as women in like times have been since the world began, watched the girl—Elsie Hayward—on whose finger the night before little Jim had placed a slender circle with a single stone.

Months passed, and letters came, especially from little Jim. The old man on the hillside read them by the hour, tracing with grave misgiving the outcome of this unheard-of war from which fife and drum were barred. A brave story the letters of little Jim told, a story scarce hinted at in the laconic, rarer notes of Dave. Jim overseas was somehow still a private; Dave, close beside him as much as possible, was first sergeant. All the village except Uncle Jim wondered and drew inference unfavorable to the powers that guided that misled army.

The outcome, it seemed, justified the village wonder. At the end of it all Dave returned, thinner, graver, more silent than ever and with black depths in his haunting eyes. With him he brought a medal; it was Jim's. The elder brother gave it to the girl who wore Jim's ring; the soil of France held Jim.

Spring came again. As in past years



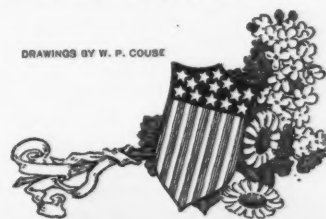
the grave together. Big Dave and Uncle Jim walked home with the girl, then together turned to the little house on the hillside. Dave, silent always, seemed that afternoon more silent than ever. With loving shrewdness Uncle Jim watched the boy, but did not speak.

Uncle Jim dressed late with care the morning after the scene at the gate across the valley. "Some of the boys that's left are goin' to hold a meetin' over to Meadowville," he explained to Dave. "I lay out to go to such meetin's—while the goin' is good."

In the G. A. R. hall at Meadowville a scant gray company had assembled. The presiding officer introduced a tall man in olive drab. "Colonel Hamlin is going to tell us a few stories about this last fuss we've been in."

At the end of the meeting a hand plucked the elbow of the colonel, who turned and faced a very small but amazingly bright-eyed veteran who was looking up at him.

DRAWINGS BY W. P. COUSE



"You never told me all the story, Dave, not even that you had a medal"



"Colonel," said Uncle Jim, "I ain't been introduced, but I'm Jim Huntress of Hillbrook. I'm the only G. A. R. man that's left there, and folks look to me to get a speaker for our Memorial Day exercises. We'd be proud if you'd honor us."

"It is I who will be honored," said Colonel Hamlin.

"I thank ye. And as a special favor to me I wish ye'd wind up the speakin' with that last story you told."

Memorial Day dawned clear and bright. Uncle Jim from his hillside porch looked down at the outdoor platform erected for the speaker and the guests of the day. The old blue uniform was brushed and creased, and the well-worn drum lay ready. Dave, in his khaki came from within. "Ready, Uncle Jim?"

The old man seated himself in the wicker chair that in all weathers stayed on the porch. "I don't know, Davy, boy," he said slowly. "I'm old and tired. I can see it all from here. I'm thinkin' I'll just stay here."

"Why, Uncle Jim!" The marching of Uncle Jim on Memorial Day was a custom not to be lightly broken. "Everybody will miss you. Let me get a car—"

Uncle Jim shook his head positively. "I ain't rode in no cars Memorial Day yet, and I ain't beginnin' at my age. Mebbe I'll feel better by and by and go down. Dave, boy, I hate to ask it, but I'd like to have you stay with me a spell."

"Sure I'll stay," said Dave, anxiety written large on his face. "The doctor—"

"No," said Uncle Jim. "I don't want no doctors. But you might get that boy."

"That boy" was a neighbor's son, a child whom little Jim had loved. In the weeks past the old man had fitted to him little Jim's childhood uniform and had spent laborious hours teaching him the old marching tunes on fife and drum. Uncle Jim beckoned the little fellow to the arm of his chair, and the three waited. The open-air seats below gradually filled; the boys in khaki marched to the platform; distant music sounded. After the minister had made a prayer the tall colonel came forward and began to speak.

"I wonder whom they've got?" said Dave. The old man made no answer; his eyes were fixed on the distant platform. Presently he rose. "I feel right rested now," he said. "Let's go. We'll head the procession yet!"

On the platform the speaker had almost finished. He was neither eloquent nor polished, but he had spoken from a full heart and had held his audience.

"And now from these heroes of an earlier day we turn with a meed of devotion to those, boys still, who served us yesterday. Their devotion was rare and great. Their training and talents differed. They came from peaceful farms and clanging machine shops. They came from labor and from school. Some brought the high talent of leadership. Some could only follow. Some inspired. Some needed inspiration. Yet in the last final moment they all met their test like men."

"Let me tell you of two brothers. I knew them in training and in battle. I know not whence they came. Their names would mean nothing here. One, a private, was a singer of songs. He was a joyful lad. His mates loved him. He lessened the hardships of the marches. The other, a sergeant, was of silent mould. No song passed his lips. Men turned to him for instruction and leadership."

"The younger boy was no coward, but he loved life. Under fire he trembled, but he did not flinch. The older was his inspiration; he led him on. When the young lad faltered the older brother encouraged; his was the dominant spirit."

"One morning after an advance their company lost contact with the rear outfits. It was absolutely necessary to send back word of their exact position—and do it quick! The enemy's fire was behind them. A hidden machine gun at the right, which they tried in vain to silence, swept away five men who tried to get through. The company commander called on the younger brother. It seemed certain death. The boy shrank back."

"I will go, sir," said the other. "I'll take an automatic rifle and clean out that nest—in fifteen minutes maybe."

"Then I'll go," said his brother.

"The older brother started off to the right. His mission was more hazardous than merely trying to get through to the rear."

"At the end of twenty minutes the machine gun was silent, and the young lad crept forth. In his eyes was faith—faith in his stronger brother. But the danger still was great, for there was heavy shelling. The boy

reached battalion headquarters and delivered the message. Shortly afterward a piece of shrapnel struck him; he died instantly.

"The older brother, single-handed and desperately wounded, had silenced the nest and had made it possible for the other to get through. Who can say how many lives the older boy saved?"

"They were cited, the older with great distinction. Both had done their duty—one nobly as was his nature, one in the shield and inspiration of the other. Somewhere the older boy yet lives. His face to him who reads with vision must ever be the face of heroism. Each one attained unto the full stature of a man. They were Americans!"

Almost unnoticed, the sound of martial music had been approaching. Side by side down the road a strange trio came marching—a little old drummer in army blue, a blue-clad boy with shrill fife taking up the lilting old marching tune and a tall straight man in khaki.

The speaker paused. The audience faced about in silence. The pause lengthened.



DRAWINGS BY A. L. RIPLEY

As the train moved out of the station Kedwick Mason waved to his mother for the last time and sank back in his seat with a sigh of pure contentment. At last he was about to realize the dream of his life. He pulled out of his pocket a large envelope that bore in one corner the return address, "Western Division, U. S. Army, Lather Field, Sacramento, Cal.," and proceeded to draw out the official-looking document that it contained. He had read the paper a hundred times, but now he read it again carefully from start to finish. It was a government order from the commanding officer of the Lather Flying Field, near Sacramento, to "Kedwick Mason, amateur wireless operator," to serve with the Forest Patrol during the summer months.

For the past three years Ked had dreamed that such an event might come true. The summer before he had been more than able to pass the technical qualifications, which were that the applicant must own a portable radio outfit and be able to copy code messages at the rate of fifteen words a minute. But only amateurs who were more than fifteen years of age were eligible, and as he was then only fourteen he had been obliged to wait another year.

This spring, however, when the annual call came he had wasted no time in sending in his application. Then he had set to work overhauling his radio set, which he had taken so much pains to construct, and which was the pride of his heart. Night after night as soon as his studying was done he had

"Friends,"—the colonel's voice was low,— "I had not realized before that I was speaking of native sons of Hillbrook!"

The last garland had been placed on honored graves, and the tribute of musketry had died away. Bareheaded in the evening breeze, Uncle Jim took the bugle from the boy with the silent fife. The notes of taps sounded and died clearly on the evening air.

Along the valley road in the dusk a young man and a young woman walked side by side. Uncle Jim had watched them go and was content.

"Dave," said the girl at last, "I loved Jim, but what I, without knowing, loved best in him—was you in Jim reflected!"

"Jim was brave, Elsie. He was good," said Dave.

She inclined her head. And then, "You never told me all the story, Dave, not even that they had given you a medal."

In the old house on the hillside it was very still. The little boy had gone home. Dave did not return. The moonlight streamed in

at the eastern windows. Uncle Jim stood before the picture of little Jim in uniform on the wall. "I reckon you won't care, little Jim. You're big—some ways—like Dave."

Uncle Jim sat down on the bed. He was very tired. His limbs were heavy, and his eyelids drooped. "I reckon Dave won't mind," he said drowsily, "if I lay down with my clothes on. I've done it often enough on the field!"

Some time later—it may have been minutes or hours—Uncle Jim awakened. Moonlight still flooded the room, but more than the radiance of moonlight came in at the eastern windows. Far off a bugle sounded; it was the reveille.

"Jim!" breathed Uncle Jim. "Little Jim!" The bugle ceased. A fife with sweetness more than earthly took up a lilting old marching tune. The room seemed filled with silent footsteps.

"It's Jim!" whispered Uncle Jim again. "Little Jim! An' it's time for me to march. I'm comin', Jim!"

The old man smiled. Out into a greater Service marched Uncle Jim.

KED OF THE FOREST PATROL

By Preston Decker Allen

gone upstairs to his room and there at his bench had remodeled, had tried different "hook-ups" and had tested until at last even he was satisfied with the result. And now he could not resist glancing proudly from time to time at the straw suitcase that contained the apparatus.

At noon Ked entered the office of Major Hardy, the commanding officer at field headquarters. It was a rather tremulous boy that, cap in hand, hesitated at the threshold. The major was speaking to his adjutant: "We've got to have a first-class man for Summit; that's the most important station of the entire thirty-five." And then he wheeled in his chair and faced the boy.

Major Hardy had been in the army for many years. He was a good judge of men—and of boys. He took one look at Kedwick Mason, asked two or three quick questions, which Ked tried to answer as briefly and clearly as possible, and, turning to his chief clerk, said, "Assign Kedwick Mason to Base 9, Summit, California."

"My boy," he continued kindly as he turned again to Ked, "we are assigning you to one of the most important posts in this part of the country. There may be times when you will be called upon to exercise initiative and judgment, which are sometimes not found even in men of mature years. You may have to do things quickly and without reference to a higher authority. Throughout my own life I've followed one maxim that I believe never fails, so I'll pass it on to you. If you are called on to do a thing that in your best judgment is the only thing to do in the circumstances, do it with all your might, no matter how great or how small it may be. That is all I have to say to you. You will report at once to the radio officer for inspection of your outfit. Transportation will be provided at the paymaster's office, and you can leave for your post on the three-o'clock train. As you already know, you will receive the regular pay of one hundred dollars at the end of the three months' duty. Oh, yes, there is one other thing," he added. "We are going to establish a permanent Boys' Forest Patrol Reserve Corps. The corps will have its own officers, who will hold ranks in their organization with titles corresponding to those of the regular army. The first officers to be appointed by the management will be selected from this year's volunteer patrol, and they will be graded according to the manner in which they perform their duty this summer. That is something for you to think about. Good-by and good luck!"

Thrilled and tingling with anticipation, Ked mumbled his thanks and withdrew in haste. A few minutes later he was opening the old straw suitcase in the office of the radio officer, Captain Saunders. As the "two-way" bulb set stood revealed the captain, who himself was a great radio enthusiast, whistled softly in astonishment. "Look here, fellows," he called, forgetting his usual dignity and beckoning to his assistants, "a complete two-bulb transmitter, detector and three-stage amplifier, all in one box. It's the best

outfit we've put into the Forest Patrol so far, I'll declare!" He rubbed his hands together in boyish glee as he and his assistants stood round and gazed approvingly at the little cabinet in the suitcase. And well they might, for Ked had performed his work so well that the set that lay before them would have done credit to any wireless station.

The afternoon train landed the boy at Summit at seven o'clock that evening. Summit was merely the name of the railway station, or rather the stop, for there was nothing in sight except a small wooden building on which was painted the name and the elevation, eight thousand feet. Waiting for Ked was Don Ladd, the ranger in charge of that section; he greeted the boy in the hearty, bluff manner characteristic of men who live in the open and explained that the patrol base was half a mile farther up the mountain and was accessible only by trail. Before the two had traveled half the distance to the place that was to be Ked's home for the next three months they were firm friends.

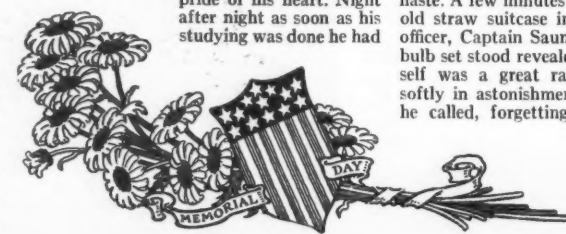
The boy was too tired to show much interest in his new surroundings that evening, but the next morning found him up bright and early. Going to the cabin door, he looked out over a vast expanse of forest and marveled at the size of the great trees.

The Forest Patrol station of Summit, true to its name, was perched on the very crest of the great Sierra Nevada Range. Facing west, you looked out over miles and miles of level valley land thousands of feet below; villages nestled here and there at the foot of the great mountains, and on a clear day you could see, some forty miles out on the floor of the valley, the smoke of the city of Sacramento, the capital of California. Looking east, you gazed into a deep wide cañon—Blue Ridge Gulch, it was called—partly timbered and containing some of the finest pasture land in the region; in that valley the ranch of the Western Stock and Land Company was situated.

The ranger joined Ked and, taking him out into the open, showed him the huge triangular markers that were placed at the four corners of the aeroplane landing field. "You see, Ked, this spot was picked for a station not only because it commands a view of this whole region but because it is the only level spot for miles—I mean level enough for planes to light. Patrol planes light here twice a day regularly and sometimes at night when they are out on fire-fighting duty. Those big white markers are put there so that the pilots can make out the exact position of the field. You see there is a lantern in the centre of each marker. Those are lit during night flying, but the men don't often fly at night, except of course when there is a fire somewhere about."

As the ranger made his explanations they walked to the southern end of the landing field. There the ridge on which the field was situated dropped away and left a clear path for aeroplanes coming down to land. They always came and went from that end of the field, for directly north of the cabin a heavily wooded shoulder rose abruptly and blocked the way.

Among other paraphernalia that made up the station equipment Don showed Ked the big rocket "guns," which were mounted at one side of the field. Although they looked



much like anti-aircraft guns, they were merely metal cylinders placed in a vertical position to support the rockets, the ends of which could be seen protruding. The ranger told Ked that rockets were signals of last resort and were to be fired only in cases of extreme urgency. Under ordinary atmospheric conditions, he added, a rocket could be seen at night for fifty miles and was the signal for the entire reserve of the district to be called out. Underneath the guns was a printed notice of the department stating that rockets were to be fired by rangers personally, and by no one else, under penalty of fine and imprisonment. Ked was much impressed. Though the wireless had superseded rockets in forest-patrol work, the "guns" were always kept in readiness for an emergency.

"Guess you want to put up some kind of wire or something to catch your messages, don't you?" remarked the ranger after he and Ked had finished their morning meal.

"Yes, the radio officer at Lather Field told me to put up an antenna as soon as I could so that regular schedules could be established. How about that big tree?" he added, pointing to a mammoth pine that loomed a hundred and fifty feet in the air just north of the cabin.

"Don't think we'd better put her on that one," said Ladd. "I just noticed yesterday that it's pretty worm-eaten around the base, and I'm afraid it might come down during some of these high winds. What do you say to the next one there? That's a good sound tree, and it's nearly as high as the other one."

Ked set to work and at the end of three hours had securely fastened the one-wire antenna one hundred feet up the trunk of the tall pine. The other end he made fast to the cabin and carried a lead inside to the wireless set.

By two o'clock he was in communication with Lather Field and reported everything "O.K." From then on all went smoothly. His regular routine work was to keep a sharp lookout on both slopes during the absence of the ranger and to report to the flying field three times daily. He also had to report the arrival and departure of the observation aeroplanes.

So heartily did he enjoy his work, and so pleasant were the surroundings that days grew into weeks and weeks into months before he realized that the three months between school terms, which at first had seemed so long, were now drawing to a close. The spring of the Sierras was slipping into Indian summer, and the time was not far off when the aeroplanes, which had flown the ranges all during the warm period, would go back to their hangars for the winter.

Ked thought of all those things for the first time as he sat alone one night late in August. Don had taken his horse and had gone down into the eastern cañon an hour before, and the boy was left on watch with only the moaning of the wind and the swish of branches to keep him company. The wind had been blowing steadily from the north all day; on that account the ranger had gone out on an inspection tour of the cañon. A man of Ladd's experience—he had patrolled the national forests for years—took no risks with the wind; during the periods when it swept the ranges he rode from camp to camp to see that fire regulations were being strictly observed.

While Ked worked over the connections on his filament battery he was wondering whether he would be chosen for the permanent reserve patrol. He would give a great deal to know. To be sure his station had not covered itself with glory, though they had discovered a few minor fires here and there, but he had put his whole heart into his work, and that should count for something.

Finishing his task on the set, he picked up his night glasses to have one more look round before reporting to Lather Field for the last time that night. As he opened the cabin door he noticed that the wind had increased. And it was that dreaded dry, hot north wind of the valleys! Ked knew that it was blowing much harder than usual; many small branches from the trees to the north now littered the landing field.

As he moved across the field toward the eastern slope the air was filled with flying leaves, small branches and dust. The great trunks of the forest giants groaned as they bent to and fro. Even before Ked reached the spot where he could bring his glasses into play he realized that something was wrong. Up the cañon to the northeast a red glow filled the sky. And it could mean only one thing, a fire! He scrambled to the edge of the field and adjusted his glasses. Then his heart sank. Down the slope about a mile above

the cabin a red line was advancing. He could hear a dull, ominous roar as the fire leaped upon the tall trees and silhouetted them against the flaming background. Ked lost no time, but turned and raced across the field toward the cabin. More than once he stumbled and fell over branches that he could not see in the darkness. His thoughts were of the camps down in the ravine, where the people would be trapped like rats, of the two thousand head of cattle that were at that minute grazing on the lower range and of the property and equipment belonging to the Western Stock and Land Company. Ked knew that, if he could get his report to headquarters immediately, there was a chance of stopping the red monster before it reached the lower valley.

His hand was on the door knob when the air seemed to split with a report like the crack of doom. Ked wheeled and stood stunned at what he saw. The huge pine, which the ranger had said was unfit for the antenna, had

With renewed courage Ked ran to the "guns." A jerk on the trigger cord released the first rocket. With a roar like an on-coming train it ascended into the heavens—up, up it went, leaving a tiny trail of fire behind it. Then at an elevation of nearly two thousand feet it burst with a boom that seemed to the crouching boy to shake the whole range. With his glasses fixed on the distant white glow that marked the city of Sacramento and Lather Field he waited. No answering flash greeted him. What if they had not seen the rocket! Desperately he pulled the second trigger. With a concussion that almost knocked him over the second rocket soared into the sky and burst with all its mighty power directly over his head. Its intense glare lighted up the whole countryside as if it were throwing a challenge to the red wall now rapidly advancing down the cañon.

Impatiently, fearfully, Ked waited. Suddenly he saw that things were happening. Far, far out on the valley floor a streak of

minutes after the last rocket had died in the sky two great "hogs" backed down on the main line and coupled on to the fire train, which the railway company always holds in readiness at the mountain division point. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are invested in the great snowshed system that crosses the Sierras, and the company does not like to take risks. In the dispatcher's office the chief dispatcher, leaning over the telegraph instrument, hastily cleared the line for the fire special. Up and down the mountain overland passenger trains and local freights pulled in on sidings. And all because one boy of the Forest Patrol had done "the only thing to do in the circumstances" and had done it with all his might!

After seeing the answering signals from the valley Ked hurried back to his wireless outfit and struggled feverishly to untangle the antenna. After twenty minutes' work he had connected a sufficient number of pieces of wire to make a temporary "hook-up." Tying on one end of the wire a piece of cord with a stone attached to it, he hurled the stone with all his might over the lower branches of the nearest tree. Running back to the cabin, he quickly threw in his plate and his filament battery. Then he put the transfer switch in the receiving position and listened. Lather Field was calling him—calling him with all the power that could be forced into the big five-hundred-watt tube set with which the field radio station was equipped. Ked cut in his third step of amplification, and the call fairly whistled, so loud and intense that it carried out through the open door and into the smoke-laden night—the answer of science to the onrushing menace! Ked recognized the sending of the chief operator; he was spelling out the name in full so that there could be no mistake.

"Summit! Summit! What has happened? Please send up another rocket if you are all right!"

The whistle stopped, and Ked knew that they were listening. He jammed the switch over and called the field. His antenna ammeter now showed a radiation of one ampere, and he knew that his temporary antenna was doing the work. Without waiting for an answer he gave his report: "Fire sweeping down Blue Ridge Gulch, Range 45, one mile northeast of station. Front now about quarter mile wide. Three camps, ranch buildings and two thousand head stock directly in path. Antenna been down—just got repaired. OM."

Like a flash the chief operator came back: "All right, OM, fine work! We thought you must have had trouble with something. Your wave length is a little low, but 'sigs' good. Four bombers on way; should be there any time now. If your station in line fire, one of them will land and pick you up. Keep your eye on their work and report what progress they make."

Ked gave his "O.K." and, taking his glasses, went out to watch the fire. He noticed that it was rapidly eating up the east side of the slope toward the cabin. In a few minutes his ears caught the steady bur-r-r of aeroplanes to the west. When within a quarter of a mile of the station the leading machine began to signal with its powerful Morse light: "Stick with it, OM; we'll kp an ey on u."

As the brief message of encouragement ended, the four aeroplanes flying in formation shot over the ridge and with a deafening roar disappeared into the valley beyond.

Soon Ked could hear the boom-boom of the gas bombs as they struck the earth and sent their flame-quenching gases against the avalanche of on-coming fire. Going inside, he reported to the field and received the reassuring reply that the railway company, finding that its sheds were in no danger, had dispatched its fire-fighting crew to Summit to protect the ranger station.

Ked was back with his glasses on the fire. The gas was evidently doing its work, for down in the valley the red wall appeared much smaller. But as he looked to the north he realized that the fire was fast approaching the station. It was crawling up behind the shoulder at the north end of the landing field, but he could not be certain just how far away it was; the abrupt rise of land obscured the view in that direction and left the field and cabin in deep shadow. Moreover, his vision was becoming more limited every minute, for the smoke, rolling up in great clouds, was enveloping the whole ridge in a hot gray choking blanket. He reported the fact to headquarters.

"Don't worry, OM," came the quick reply; "they will pick you up."

Reassured, Ked wiped his smarting eyes and turned again to the fire. The aeroplanes had evidently not forgotten him, for from



"Don't land—field blocked!" flashed the bulbs

broken off at the base. Even as the astonished boy stood there it crashed to the earth and rolled far out on the landing field. Ked dashed into the cabin and switched on his filament current. He threw the switch over to the "send" position and pressed the key.

No indication of the antenna ammeter answered the closing of the circuit. He felt hurriedly of the connections. Finding everything intact, he ran outside to see if the antenna and ground were all right. As he rounded the corner of the cabin his foot caught in a hanging wire, and he stumbled. As he recovered his balance he realized that his antenna was down. Caught by a branch of the falling pine! He grabbed the wire that was attached to the cabin and traced it out to the field, where he found it hopelessly tangled amid branches of the fallen tree. His first thought was to try to repair the antenna, but he realized in an instant that it would take him at least half an hour to straighten it out. Half an hour's delay in getting word to the valley and the fire would be beyond control!

The rocket "guns"! But even as this answer to his unspoken prayer flashed into his mind he thought of the sign underneath that had so impressed him that first morning. If only Don were here! Then suddenly and clearly through the confusion of his brain came the words of Major Hardy: "If you are called on to do a thing that in your best judgment is the only thing to do in the circumstances, do it with all your might."

flame shot into the night—another and still another until the air was filled with a bright glow of bursting rockets.

Scarcely had the Lather Field rockets died out when other valley fields answered his signal. True to its purpose, the firing of the huge rockets had called out all the reserves in the district. At the snowshed protection camp ten miles down the mountain the four-foot searchlight of the railway company snapped its pillar of light into the heavens and began sweeping the mountainside like a great searching eye. Few men at any of the camps or flying fields had ever seen one of the signal rockets fired, yet through the summer months year after year they had watched for them, signals of danger that they dreaded to see, but that they all stood ready to obey.

Although the flames of the rockets from Base 9 had died long ere they had reached the earth, they had nevertheless set the whole countryside ablaze with activity. At Lather Field a bugle blared forth into the night. Officers and men came running from houses and barracks. Hangar doors swung wide, and giant aeroplanes equipped for fire fighting rolled out on the field. Three minutes after the bugle had sounded its note of warning four bombers roared out over the plain and disappeared toward the mountains; each contained three men and two tons of gas bombs and chemical bombs.

In the great Pacific railway yards at Roseville there was another exciting scene. Ten

MEMORIAL DAY

By SAMUEL S. DRURY



WHEREVER this week's Companion is opened, in whatever region the reader may reside, we shall all of us be able to agree that spring is here. To understand Memorial Day we must have the springlike emotions; and just as climate influences character, so the seasons stir and nourish our states of mind. Spring has come with its reflective memories and melodies, and therefore together we can think concordantly on the moving messages of May.

Happily we welcome the sights of spring. The pavements once crusted with dirty ice or dismal with moisture, now rain-washed and sun-baked, offer ideal places for tops and marbles. Boys playing marbles; frogs trilling in the ponds; robins calling awkwardly until they master their spring evening tunes—all those events of May warm the heart. Who does not delight to pick his way delicately by a gleaming and humming top on the sidewalk? Who does not love to launch a kite from the open window, watching it peer down like a proud strange bird, feeling the taut insistent pull of the string? To whose eyes does not yonder glass alley in the game, as it snicks the humble marble out of the ring, glisten like a flower? Everything in spring is rich with promise. It is natural to be generous and grateful. Gone is the winter of our discontent; spring, resilient with hope, is here.

THE richest memory of May is our great Memorial Day. Though a holiday not yet threescore years old, it has won its way into every state in the Union and carries its message of hope and resolution to the heart of every true American. Hark! Can you not hear the bands clashing through our leafy streets all the way across the continent? Can you not see the veterans in their faded uniforms marching or being reverently drawn to the solemn observances? Can you not picture great bouquets of lilacs and daisies generously provided from nature's greenhouse for every soldier's grave?

Now what is this all about? If only we could have a quiet time to consider, if only we might take a day off to think things out! Such a day we have. On the holiday the community takes a day off. One purpose of a holiday is by rest and refreshment to put first things first. What then shall good Americans think and do and resolve on Memorial Day?

The reflective patriot first of all on this day will grow in gratitude. A moment's quiet thought convinces us that we are inheritors of valorous sacrifice. That single wind-whipped flag by a single soldier's grave is

ample reminder to a sensitive patriot that our peaceful today springs from stressful and sacrificial yesterdays. In 1861 young men loved life as intensely as we do now. Homes meant quite as much then as they do today. To enlist, to fight, to die—those steps in the patriot's pilgrimage involved the dedication of self to greater than personal causes. War ever means love of a cause. Every boy and girl who knows a soldier of the Civil War (how swiftly these venerable men are passing from us!) may develop this sense of gratitude on Memorial Day by talking with such a veteran. On a national day like this we realize that the good event never just happens, that all our developments, be they personal, domestic or national, cost in human energy and sacrifice. The first emotion on Memorial Day is this pulsating sense of gratitude, which memory, that blessed moral power, can awaken in the heart of every patriot. As we think of what our plenty and prosperity have cost, we love our country more.

Vital patriots moreover desire to do as well as to think. Thus our holiday must be in part a holy day. We thoughtful Americans may well devote some time to the active commemoration of our valiant dead. Surely for many years the American people have been honoring the Unknown Soldier. They have not limited their praise or their floral offerings to men they knew. No one need scan the name beneath the flag before bestowing a grateful benediction. We bow the head; we cease from hurrying in the heated strife; we talk over the names or deeds of the men who fought and fell that we might live in peace. Let this active reverence mark Memorial Day. Let solemn music, touching eulogies to all and the offering of flowers to known and unknown abound on this great day of gratitude.

PATRIOTISM is a living thing. The waves of history reach to our very shores. In our own time how multitudinous are the causes for this reflective gratitude! Since the Civil War and the Spanish War our sons and brothers and very companions have joined that Choir Invisible, that Sacrificial Throng which loved not their lives unto the death. The countries where they fell are not alien lands; the soil wherein they lie is not foreign soil.

To stand in an American cemetery in France is to feel yourself intensely an American; yes, that hallowed place seems peculiarly a part of America. That spot is home where loving thoughts of home or thoughts from home have dominated. Let not loving survivors mourn at the spatial separation from the young veteran's grave. With martial tokens are they surrounded, and with gentle

hands are their crosses tended. Over it all the spirit of America, our great home, infolds them as completely there as here.

The meaning of this national day of memory and grateful praise a true American interprets in personal resolutions. What shall ours be? No flag will mark the commonplace activities of our trivial round, no music may accompany our humdrum routine; but even so Memorial Day should rouse in us the resolution to be patriots of peace. We must believe that peace hath her victories no less renowned than war. To be a good patriot in May, 1923, is harder but no less necessary than in April, 1917. A country that is worth dying for is worth living for. Today and always we are bound to participate in the battles of peace—battles that mean courage and patience and chivalry on our part, if we are going to leave this good world better than we found it. Every Christian American must be marching as to war. We do wrong to denature our routine life of this necessary martial element. At many points, without as well as within, no matter how obscure our lot, we have to fight. We must be "good haters," plain-speaking denouncers, not mealy-mouthed agreeers with every second-rate project or person. With charity for all persons, let us be declared foes of all those evils that menace personality.

THE boy or girl in school can honor Memorial Day by a quiet resolution to prove a patriot of peace. It is no mere figure of speech to assure the high-school boy that peace can offer him as true a challenge as war offered to the doughboy going over the top. To see to it that a spirit of chivalry from boys toward girls marks our schoolhouse and our town; to keep the graduating class clean from jealous bickering politics; to insist on fair work in class and fair play everywhere—will not those opportunities for right dealing call out the soldier tone? Indeed they will! If every school in the land and every family caught the spirit of valiant living that marks Memorial Day, should not America witness a new generation of fearless patriots of peace?

The world is ever calling for heroes and heroines. Today promises you a battle for some cause or person worthy of your mettle. On Memorial Day every eye should be bright with brave resolution. With flags and flowers and music we honor all the brave youth of yesterday, who loved great causes and ideas more than life.

It is the duty of the youth of today and tomorrow to serve the country whose heroes loved and to make it a land whose mountains speak peace, whose hills proclaim righteousness and whose breezes are clean with equal opportunity and vital with fair play.

the east he could distinguish the throb of an approaching motor. They had seen his danger and were coming to pick him up. He ran to light the markers, hoping that the smoke would clear sufficiently for the pilot to see them. Halfway across the field he crashed into something that threw him headlong into a mass of twisted branches. As he climbed painfully to his feet he remembered. Stretched across the very middle of the landing field lay the big pine! Horror-stricken, he limped first to one end and then to the other. There was not enough room at either end for an aeroplane to land safely. The pop-pop-pop of the motor, now directly overhead and only a thousand feet up, stirred him to act. He knew that the pilot was looking for the markers, and he knew too that the aeroplane would be wrecked and the occupants killed if they tried to land. He looked up. As the machine wheeled in wide circles its Morse light blinked down at him: "Markers! Markers!" it was repeating. "We r cmg dwn!"

The light was barely readable through the smoky haze that hung over the field, and Ked knew that the pilot could not see the tree.

The boy looked wildly round for something with which to answer the signal, something with which to warn the men of the hidden danger on the ground before it was too late. The aeroplane continued to swing in great circles, gradually dropping lower and lower while the Morse light sputtered excitedly. Ked ran to the cabin. As he came to the door the bright glow from the filaments of his audion bulbs caught his attention. The tungsten filaments! They should do it! With a wrench he tore off the top of the cabinet, thus exposing the tops of the bulbs. Picking the set up under his arm and dragging the "A" battery after him, he went outside. Turning the filaments up to maximum brilliance and using the battery switch as a key, he started to send. As if trying to aid him a sudden gust of wind cut a rift through the smoke pall and rolled it back for an instant. "Don't land—field blocked!" flashed the bulbs.

The little eye in the heavens ceased its blinking for a moment and then spelled out just one character, repeated three times, "R"—"R"—"R"—which is the signal to the

wireless man that his message has been received and is understood. The operator in the aeroplane had other work to do just then, and he wasted no time in useless conversation. With the last flicker of the Morse light the big machine dived and with a roar hurled itself into the very teeth of the fire.

Ked knew that it was useless for him to try to leave the clearing. The flames were just beginning to show over the shoulder north of the cabin and in that direction had lain the one path of escape. His only salvation was in the aeroplanes that were swerving and roaring above him.

As the smoke was becoming intolerable he sought refuge behind the big log in the centre of the field. Crouching there, he heard the bombers one after another come up out of the valley and join in the battle. From their nearness he knew that they were all flying low, very low. To fly low is a direct violation of the flying rules, and whoever does it may be tried by court-martial.

But the pilots and the men behind them in the fuselage were not thinking of flying rules or of courts-martial; they were thinking only

of the brave boy whose presence of mind and devotion to duty had saved lives and property that night. It was a big advantage to fly low, and they did it. As a result not a gas bomb missed its mark; not a chemical grenade went wild. To be sure they were all risking their lives; every time a spark floated a little higher than the rest it might ignite a wing, and then more lives would be added to the toll of that red monster which shows no mercy; but the smoke-blackened crews up there were out to win against any odds. They were fighting the battle of their lives, and they won, though not until the cabin was a smoldering pile and the boy beside the log lay in a huddled heap.

The chief dispatcher again leaned over his desk at the Roseville headquarters, but this time he was clearing the main line to the west as well as to the east. The special was making fast time over the division, but no longer did it carry the crew of trained fire fighters. In the caboose, the only car behind the big engine, lay a still, slender form on a blanket while smoke-begrimed men sat in a circle and said nothing. But Ked did not know where

he was; nor did he see the guards at the Lather Field gates present arms—the uncommanded tribute of brave men to a brave comrade—as the stretcher bearing him passed to the hospital.

One of the first things that hours later he did remember was seeing his mother sitting beside him and a broad-backed man in civilian clothes disappearing down the corridor. The boy saw that as the visitor neared the door two orderlies came to attention.

OPEN WINDOWS

By Elsie Singmaster

ETHEL GLENN stirred in her sleep, blinked and was wide awake in an instant. She had awakened early; the university clock was striking half past six, and quarter to seven was her usual hour for rising. That gave her plenty of time to bathe, dress and review her programme for the day before Sarah rang the breakfast bell at half past seven. Her father, the only other member of the household, was likely to be late, but she always waited indulgently. He was a learned professor of Greek, and she was proud of him, but it was not from him that she had inherited her exactness in every detail of life. That gift as well as the musical ability that promised to make Ethel famous had been her mother's.

Clasping her hands behind her head, she looked round her room. It was large, immaculate and in the opinion of her friends sparsely furnished. The three windows had no curtains, and at present the shades were snapped to the top. Each window framed a beautiful picture—the one to the west an ascending hillside now bright with autumn colors; the one to the south, the towers of the university; the one to the east, the city. The last prospect was most varied. In the residential section the house roofs and church spires pierced a bright canopy of maples; in the business section there were only rooftops. Beyond, extending for two miles, lay the vast steelworks now hidden under a blanket of gray mist and smoke. Under the same blanket lay a thickly settled neighborhood inhabited by mill workers and known as the West End.

Ethel would have said that her windows numbered not three but seven and included three pictures, one a view of the temples at Pastum, one of the Cañon of the Colorado and one of an Alpine meadow with the Jungfrau in the distance. Any life Ethel thought might be tolerable if you had enough open windows. She extended her figure of speech to include not merely pictures but all sorts of interesting experiences. The recent acquaintance of a young Roumanian at the university who could sing his native songs was the opening of a window; the reading of Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago* was another.

But the pictures and the brightness of the morning and the consciousness of refreshment and good health with which she always woke did not preserve her first happy expression. At noon she must give Anna Frederick a music lesson, and her day was to that extent spoiled. Even all the pleasant events did not compensate for that one stupid half hour. If she might give the lessons in her studio downstairs it would be different, but the same foolish sentiment that had prompted her to give Anna lessons at all had induced her to go to Anna's house, since only there could the half hour be arranged. From eleven o'clock to twelve she taught sight singing in the auditorium of the West End school, and Anna's depressing house lay directly on her way home.

It was one of a row built of cheap brick with the greatest possible economy of wood-work. The parlor was small, and over the two windows hung thick chenille curtains. The paper was dark; the stuffed furniture was covered with tidies; and there were objectionable ornaments going back to the time of Mrs. Frederick's youth. The piano was comparatively new, but it was cheap, and the action was bad, and the mandolin attachment within it and the plaster Indian with jingling brass earrings on top of it gave it an uncanny and unpleasant tone.

But it was Anna herself that most offended. She was short and stout, and she had a wooden and heavy mind—so at least her music teacher believed. She had a certain amount of facility and was painstakingly correct, but

"Mother," said the boy on the bed, "why do those soldiers do that for the doctor?"

"Why, Ked, boy, that isn't the doctor. That's General Hubbard, commander of the Western Department of the army, and here's what he left for you."

Ked took the folder and slowly opened it. Near the top he read: "Commission, Major, Boys' Forest Patrol Reserve Corps, U. S. A." Underneath was written in a firm hand: "For unflinching courage in the line of duty."

those qualities were merely exasperating since she had no imagination, no soul for music. Her dumb terror when she was not quite note perfect made it plain that to her notes were everything. Ethel believed, however, that her own sufferings were near an end. With the next quarter her charges were to advance; that would eliminate Anna!

Rising, she laid back the covers and put on her bath robe and slippers and departed

was no more proud of her father than he was of her. "You seem pleased about something," he said as he folded his napkin.

"I have one thorn in my flesh, and next week I'm going to get rid of it," said Ethel.

At half past eight o'clock and again at half past nine Ethel gave piano lessons. Her first pupil was a young music teacher, the second was a university student; and both were talented and ambitious. At half past ten she started to the West End school, which she could just reach on time by walking briskly. That afternoon after her organ practice at the university church she would walk again. The organ was her favorite instrument, and she went each week to New York for a lesson.

Her class in singing at sight sang lustily, and the volume of youthful tone delighted her. In the university church there was held each spring a music festival to which people came from all over the United States, and she never lifted her baton without thinking of the day when some of those voices would help to swell the great choruses of Bach.

Anna Frederick opened the door to her ring and answered her good morning in a voice that could hardly be heard. To her other defects she added a timidity that seemed sullen to her teacher. Ethel could not see that behind her back Anna lifted her

in practice hours she practiced, now with one hand, now with one hand and one foot, now with feet and hands together. During the second hour she played as she would play for her teacher, and smooth passages rose and fell, now filling the church, now dying away in distant corners. From time to time a side door opened, and students with books stole in and sat down and presently slipped out again at a warning stroke of the clock.

Promptly at four Ethel pushed in the stops and snapped off the power. She would have liked to practice longer, but it was wise to stop before she was physically tired. She stood pulling on her gloves, amused and pleased as she heard the cautious, retreating steps. What a heavenly place it was! This was an open window indeed!

As she slipped into her coat a faint odor annoyed her. It was the odor of the Frederick house, of boiling meat and cabbage, of sauerkraut and apples stored in the cellar. But the clean air would soon wash the taint away.

She remembered with satisfaction that the sun did not set until after five o'clock; she would cross the campus, then go round the shoulder of the hill into the open country. On her homeward journey she would take the long street that led past the steel mill. By that time it would be almost dark, and the fires would be glowing with their unearthly light.

She nodded to the acquaintances whom she passed, cordially to the professors and their wives and the students and somewhat coolly to a young instructor who halted as if he had wished to accompany her. She did not seem to walk fast, but her long, free step covered the ground rapidly. The color brightened in her cheeks, and her eyes shone. She had a capacity for passionate enjoyment of everything that was beautiful, and she saw every bright tone of oak and hickory, the velvety green of the pines, the smooth fields, some brilliant with winter wheat, some dotted with shocks of corn. She marked in her mind a bush of pepper berries in a swamp and a mass of bittersweet in a tree; tomorrow she would come with a knife and carry home spoils for the winter.

All manner of lovely things passed through her mind—the pictured scenes on her walls, the other pictures in the house, her father's smile, her beautiful piano, the great organ that was hers to play and of which she might some day be complete mistress.

When at last she turned homeward the light was fading; before her the hillside with its climbing towers rose dimly. The church tower was highest of all, and she thought of the spring music festival with its trombone choir announcing each session from the ivy-draped lantern. She remembered the opening bars of the famous mass that was part of each programme; they were like the passwords to an enchanted country: "*Kyrie eleison! Eleison!*"

She knew it all from beginning to end, both words and music, all the choruses and solos, as if the text were before her. There were parts in which she could remember alto and tenor and bass as well as soprano. Testing her memory, she walked on. As she approached the West End she began to hum as if to fix the melody in her mind above the increasing noise of the mill.

But in the midst of a Latin phrase she halted, confused and startled. Some one else was singing—no, he was whistling, and whistling astonishingly well, the *Kyrie eleison* with which her music opened. She stood still opposite a gate in a board fence through which a procession of men was entering. Within rose a blast furnace where the work was that for giants. Against the fence on the outside leaned the whistler, a little man who had his lunch pail hanging on his arm and his hands in his pockets, and who apparently wished to finish his tune outside the fence rather than inside.

Impetuously Ethel crossed the street. In the choir were voices from every quarter of the city and from almost every vocation—carpenters, preachers, clerks in stores, students, everyone who had a voice and who would practice diligently. Was there a steel worker among them?

"Are you in the Bach choir?" she asked.

The little man straightened up, greatly startled. Even in the twilight Ethel saw something familiar in his round face. "No, ma'am," he said. "But I and my Annie go every time at the beginning and sit on the fence till the end."

"Sit on the fence!" echoed Ethel.

"Yes, ma'am. Such a stone fence round the grounds. The singing comes out the



"I never thought I should have such a good time in all my life," she mumbled brokenly

for her morning plunge—a tall, slender, energetic figure. She smiled as she went, remembering one other person who disappeared of Anna's music. A week ago, coming from Anna's lesson, she had stopped at the corner grocery to telephone, and in the booth, waiting for an answer to her call, she had heard a conversation between the grocer, to whom she was unknown, and Anna's mother, by whom she was unseen.

"You don't want the best then?" said the grocer with two brands of canned corn in his hands.

"The other is me good enough," said stout Mrs. Frederick, who, like the grocer, knew Pennsylvania German better than English. "We must soon pay Anna's music teacher."

"I heard you had such a high-priced one," said the grocer. "Why do you?"

"We want the best," Mrs. Frederick replied with dignity.

When she had gone the grocer laughed. "They would make such a Paderoski out of her," he remarked to his wife. "A Paderoski you cannot make out of little Annie." Sarah was an admirable cook, and the breakfast was delicious. Neither Professor Glenn nor Ethel was talkative, and the meal progressed in silent good-fellowship. Ethel

eyes as if to a goddess. When Anna opened the door into the parlor the odor of mustiness added itself to the odor of boiling cabbage. Ethel did not suspect that the parlor grew musty because it was closed for her sake against the odor of cabbage. Beyond in the dining room there was the murmur of voices. Anna's father worked in the steel mill, and he and the boarders were probably having their dinner. Him Ethel had never seen; that ordeal at least had been spared her.

As usual Anna knew her notes perfectly, and in despair as usual Ethel "let it go at that." She played whole compositions for some of her pupils, but for Anna she played only illustrative phrases; more would be wasted.

At one o'clock Ethel had her luncheon, and at two she entered the university church. The bright afternoon light shone through stained-glass windows, printing circles and diamonds of rose and purple and gold on pews and floor. Far overhead the roof lifted in a wide arch spanned by carved beams. In the front shone the brasses of reading desk and altar vessels. It was a place in which to dream lovely dreams, and there were times when Ethel yielded to the temptation; but



DRAWINGS BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

windows, and it is almost as good as inside." The inflections were those of Anna's mother and the grocer and to a greater degree of Anna herself; the "s's" were soft, and the emphasis was on the "in" of "inside."

"You like it?" asked Ethel.

"Yes, ma'am!" was the positive answer. "I take always my vacation on that day. My Annie she takes music lessons. We pay high for them; we have the best teacher—Miss Glenn. Did you ever hear of that teacher?"

"Yes," said Ethel a little faintly.

"We pay almost what I make in a day for a half hour to that teacher," said the little man. "But it is worth it."

A deep whistle filled the air; it was six o'clock. The little man stepped inside the fence, and the gate closed by machinery as if it were shutting him into prison.

Ethel stood still with her hands in the pockets of her coat. The little man was gone; the fence seemed unbroken. Was it a dream? My Annie! *Kyrie eleison!* She walked on slowly. They went and sat on the fence! They left their parlor with its chenille curtains and its piano with the mandolin attachment and the scowling plaster Indian and sat on the stone fence to hear the music! They stayed to hear it all!

Again Ethel stood still; her head was bent. She was not thinking of a day's wage paid for a half hour's lesson; she charged no more than she was worth, and she paid her own day's wage for her organ lesson; she was thinking of Anna in her prison with the scowling plaster Indian and of Anna's father in his prison with the glowing furnace heated seven times.

"Whew!" she said as if she breathed the close air and felt the burning heat.

She remembered her own room with its view over the world, her pictures, her piano, the great organ, her friends, her teacher, her freedom, and suddenly she turned down a side street and rapped at a homely door. Seeing her, Mrs. Frederick was amazed.

"Is Anna here?"

"Ach, she went a little out," answered Mrs. Frederick with profound regret.

"Do you think she could come to my house this evening at seven o'clock?"

"To be sure!" said Mrs. Frederick with the air of one answering the order of a benevolent commanding general.

Professor Glenn was more than usually absent-minded at dinner, and Ethel was more than usually preoccupied. When the bell rang at seven o'clock she answered it herself and faced a small, plump figure, the most conspicuous detail of which was a pair of gleaming black eyes.

"Good evening, Anna."

"Mom said I was to come to you at seven o'clock," said Anna as if she could not believe it true.

"Yes," said Ethel. "Come in."

Anna stumbled a little, though her frightened eyes were set downward. The bare floors seemed perilous, but she moved in the direction that Ethel indicated. Fortunately she was seated in the chair that Ethel placed for her before she saw the grand piano. Ethel herself took the end of the piano bench.

"Anna," she said lightly, "I wondered whether you had ever seen the university organ."

"Oh, no, ma'am—miss!" said Anna, overwhelmed.

"Did you ever hear the Bach music?"

The color came back into Anna's cheeks. "My pop and I, we heard it often from the outside." There it was, "from the outside."

"I wonder whether you would like to go with me this evening while I play the organ."

Anna answered stammering, "Oh, yes, miss!"

"Then I'll get on my hat and coat. Play the piano if you want to."

Ethel ran up the stairs and from the upper landing looked back. For a long time Anna sat still; then she turned her head to one side. She turned it farther; she shifted her body in her chair. She looked at the pictures, at the floor, at the rugs. She clasped her hands. She rose and, staring at the piano, tiptoed out of Ethel's sight. There was a little sound such as might be produced by the tapping paw of a cat. There was another. One exquisite note at a time was enough for Anna's pleasure. Ethel heard no more, only a long sigh.

When she returned she could not look at Anna, but addressed her from the door, "Ready?"

"Yes," said Anna with another sigh.

Entering the church through the robing room, Ethel switched on the light. "You may sit here in the choir or in a pew in the nave, or you may go far back if you want to."

"Yes, ma'am." Anna went toward the nave. Ethel opened the organ and began to play. She had amused misgivings about her precipitant enthusiasm, but she had never played better for her teacher. Having finished, she called out, "Anna, are you there?"

The answer came from far away: "Yes, ma'am."

When Ethel had played for half an hour she made Anna return and stand beside her. She still hesitated for some undefined reason to look at the girl. "This turns on the power," she explained. "These stops control this bank of keys, and these are couplers." She went on playing with one hand and pulling out and pushing in stops with the other. "Now I have an errand at Professor Starr's, which will take me about ten minutes. You try the organ while I'm gone."

Anna was already pale, but now her face grew deathly white. "Oh, miss, I might hurt it!" she said, but her eyes shone with longing.

"You can't. Climb up. There's some easy music." Smiling, Ethel went down through the long church to the far door.

Returning, she entered quietly. She could see a spot of light and in it a flushed face and a pair of moving hands. Anna had not opened the books, and she was not playing easy music; she was playing by ear the accompaniment of a Bach chorus not only accurately—it was evident that she owned a copy of the score—but with expression.

"She has probably been brought up on 'Throw out the life line,'" said Ethel to herself. "And every day she hears cheap popular stuff from every house in the square. Yet she prefers the only real music she ever heard. We'll see," said Ethel slowly and with face burning. "We'll see what we can do."

Suddenly the music stopped, and Anna hid her face. Ethel saw again the little parlor

and the great blast furnace seven times heated and then Anna and her father escaping to the fence. "We listen to it all," Anna's father had said. That meant four hours of sitting on the fence!

Anna's father seemed to continue speaking. They paid almost what he earned in a day for Anna's lesson! Ethel blushed for the conceited logic that had likened their devotion to music to her own and still more for the blindness that had made her indifferent and careless.

"I'll make it up to her!" she promised herself.

Anna heard her coming and lifted her tear-stained face. She did her best to stop crying, but the tears rolled on. "I never thought I should have such a good time in all my life," she mumbled brokenly.

Ethel laid a light hand on her shoulder. "We'll have many more good times," she said. "Now it's almost ten o'clock."

She closed the organ, switched off the light and took Anna's arm to guide her through the dark choir; the arm was tremulous. She thought of walking home with Anna, but she believed that that would be too overwhelming, and she escorted her to the campus gate and watched her to the next corner. It was too bad that pop would have to wait till morning, but mom could hear her adventure tonight. Ethel could hear the girl running.

But Anna was running back, not away, and her feet seemed to beat out a happy tune on the cement. When she arrived lack of breath and excess of emotion made her for a moment dumb.

"What is it?" asked Ethel presently.

Anna lifted her shining face. "I can't talk like you," she said, "but it is as if a window was open and I could see out."

THE CHIMERA OF WITTEE LAKE

By Archibald Rutledge



There was a rope ladder dangling from one of the forward halyard stanchions

Chapter Two. A brass button

TO reach the seabeach where we had seen the great vessel go ashore Captain Pinner and I had to drop down winding Widgeon Creek, which flows from my home through Black Bull Marsh, and into the Santee; we would tie up our sloop in Bald Eagle Bight and then walk through the island woods to the beach.

He and I were not alone. Great as our excitement had been when we saw the ship go ashore, and eager as we were to reach her, I found time to call my son Rodney—my only child left; for the influenza took

both his mother and his two sisters from us. You will come to know Rodney well; when you see the behavior of a man who is obliged to pass through much hazardous adventure you cannot help knowing him well. Though Rodney was not yet of age, he was nevertheless a man. I pride myself on my woodcraft, but he is a better woodsman than I. All our sorrows had brought us closer together than brothers, and I would not think of going on an expedition of this kind without him.

The fourth member of our party was Mobile Singleton, one of my negro tenants, a good fisherman, a safe man in a boat, a

superb swimmer and a dangerous man in a fight. Mobile was like an Indian in build, in manner, in hardihood and in alertness. Tall, spare, muscular and silent, he had always showed himself ready to undertake things at which other negroes would balk.

It was the middle of the afternoon, and the last of the ebb was running, when the Undine, with the four of us aboard, glided swiftly down the long reaches of Widgeon Creek. On either side stretched away the pleasant green expanse of Black Bull Marsh, which had taken its name a half century before from a great wild bull that had roamed and ruled the solitary sedge field as his domain.

"Sam," I said, sitting beside the captain at the tiller, "I have a dozen buckshot shells with me. Is that the proper dose for a chimera?"

"They'll do if anything will," he said, "and my own idea is, Abner, that we ought to take our guns with us when we go out to that stranded vessel. Too many curious things have been happening of late to warrant our taking any chances."

"What shall we do if we are fired on?" I asked.

"Fight the ship!" Pinner replied with a smile. He had used the expression since boyhood, and it was as characteristic of him as his high-pitched voice was. As a boy he used to read of those days of English naval glory when Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Grenville made the name of Britain terrible on every sea and when the watchwords "Fight the ship!" and "Lay the gun true!" were famous. As a boy every time Sam Pinner met a difficulty he would say, "Fight the ship!" meaning that he would never say die. And as he grew older he applied the phrase to some of the great situations of life.

I went forward to the bow of the sloop to join Rodney and Mobile, who were holding the jib halyards and looking with fascination at the strange spectacle that we were fast approaching. The ship was not in constant sight; for the tide was so low and the marsh was so high that the sedges waving on the banks of the creek and also certain clumps of trees on Shark Island frequently cut off your view of the island beach. But now and then she came into full sight, and each new vision of her filled me with fresh astonishment.

"What do you make of it, dad?" Rodney asked me. "I can't see a soul moving aboard of her."

"It may be some kind of fatal sickness that has left the entire crew helpless," I suggested. "Long ago a vessel put into the river mouth with the whole crew down with yellow fever. It looks," I went on, "more like the freakish work of an earthquake or a tidal wave. But there has been no earthquake."

"Two nights ago, cap'n," Mobile said to me, "some of the ol' people in the settlement say the earth she sure done tremble and rock; and one old man say he done hear de rumblin'. But how could dat drive a big ship on the beach?"

I was interested in what Mobile had said. Our part of the coast, as is well known, is subject to earthquakes; indeed when I was a boy we had one that caused widespread damage; it left so that you can see them today great sink holes on many of the rice plantations along the river. The tide then came two feet deep on the first floor of my house. People said that it was a slow tidal wave. Since that day we have had minor earthquake shocks.

"There may have been something like an earthquake at sea," Rodney said; "but from here the schooner looks beautifully intact. Whatever happened the vessel didn't suffer. There must be sickness aboard; we ought to be careful."

Mobile, who habitually accepted everything with unperturbed quiet, looked with interested but by no means troubled eyes at the great vessel, along whose snowy sides the surf waves were running swiftly and leaping high in foamy triumph. He turned his gaze from the vessel to the broad reaches of the creek ahead of us. "Look yonder, cap'n," he said, pointing to two objects a hundred yards ahead.

One was a grim bull alligator fast asleep on a muddy shoulder of the bank; his rusty-black hide winked and glistened in the hot September sun. The other object was a shark fin, the fin of a white shark come in from Bald Eagle Bight. A monster it was too, not short of fifteen feet and of that species which even the most hardy swimmer may well dread. It was an odd sight to see the huge scaly saurian on the bank and the

huge gray man-eater in the salt tide. At our approach the bull alligator slid with the ease of a launched destroyer into the water, and we saw him no more. The big shark—so quiet and so swift was our coming, and so intent was he on something—let us sail close to him. Rodney picked up Sam Pinner's rifle and looked back toward the owner; at the same time he pointed to the shark significantly. Pinner nodded his head, and Rodney drew the rifle up to his face.

At that moment the captain rapped sharply on the tiller. We saw him make a motion with his arm as if driving home a harpoon, and at the same moment he pointed to the forward hatch. Mobile understood and in another moment had the harpoon, which he offered to me. But I told him to keep it; he was an old hand with all such weapons, for he had spent several years fishing in West Indian waters.

He and Rodney whispered earnestly together. The question was whether the great man-eater idly dallying in the warm waters of the creek should have the lead or the steel first. The two attackers decided to make the greeting simultaneous. Therefore just as the powerful right arm of Mobile drove the singing steel over the water and full and deep into the shark's side just below and behind the tall gray dorsal fin Rodney fired at the creature's hidden head. His first bullet either went wild or simply burned the shark, and had the harpoon failed to hold the huge creature would have escaped. But Mobile had done his work well; the harpoon was solidly home.

The shark made a desperate spurt down the creek, and his fierce tugging perceptibly increased the speed of our sloop. But Rodney now had his range, and so effective were two expanding bullets that we soon had the great fish drawn in limp beside our own craft. It took the three of us a good deal of tugging and maneuvering to get that great bulk on board.

We really had no use for him; but along our part of the coast it is a grim and time-honored custom to open a big shark. So when we had him stretched at his formidable length inside the deck rail Mobile drew his hunting knife and opened him wide.

I am going to pass quickly over this part of the business and say merely that we discovered in the shark's stomach a human hand and arm. The arm was still clothed in a torn sleeve, which was evidently a part of the uniform of a ship's officer. From the sleeve I cut a crumpled and tarnished brass button; on it all of us could read the stamped letters, the Western Wave.

"The name of the poor fellow's ship," Rodney said.

All of us were not a little moved and shaken by the sad affair. We rolled the ponderous carcass of the shark overboard; and under a salt-water live oak on Shark Island, as soon as we had landed there, we decently buried the unhappy human relic that the sea had yielded up.

We left the Undine anchored in Bald Eagle Bight and came ashore in a small boat, which the four of us then lifted and bore through a path known to me across the island. We came from under the pines and cedars, walked over the white dunes made sibilant by the thin driving of sea sand and by the dry rustling of the arid gray beach grass and came out rather suddenly on the hard beach. The tide was low; indeed I could not remember ever having seen it so far out. That fact together with the hot, staring afternoon, the tragedy brought home to us by our killing the white shark and the sense of other tragic things ahead heightened the effect that our now close view of the stranded schooner had on the four of us. The sight of her was mournful yet beautiful. A most noble vessel she was in the full pride of her strength and in the full glory of new equipment. Her ropes were so new that they cracked, and certainly no sails were ever snowier. Yet there she lay a hopeless wreck. Years before, I had seen just such another vessel wrecked at the same place; but she had been caught in a wild gale, and her driving into the breakers was easily accounted for. But here was a ship of mystery.

Where she had grounded the beach takes a sudden fall, and she was lying close to where the waves were rolling on the sands. A short and strenuous pull through the lazy, low-water breakers brought us to the side of the vessel. There was a rope ladder dangling from one of the forward halyard stanchions, and, seizing it, Rodney passed



a line from our boat through it just above the bottom rung. I saw him glance up curiously, but Pinner and I were so busy trying to keep the small boat from swamping in the breakers that we had little chance to look about us.

The first thing that Rodney said to us after we had climbed the rope ladder and were standing on the spacious and immaculate deck of the great ship startled me. "Did you see her name?" he asked. "She's the Western Wave."

We looked at one another understandingly, though we said nothing then of the poor officer. Indeed there were many other things to claim our attention. The Western Wave had heeled a little in the sands, into which, as we could judge by her sad rigidity, she must be solidly sinking. A fair ship she was of great size and strength; and as I am a ship-loving man I was delighted to see at every turn with what exceeding care she had been built and kept. From a brass plate on the wall of the captain's cabin we found that she had been launched that year from a river shipyard in New England and belonged to a firm in Norfolk. But all the ship's papers were gone.

Our admiration was less than our wonder. From stem to stern we went over her, from the bowsprit to the wheel and back again. We opened the hatches and went below. She had a fair-sized cargo of lumber, but appeared to be partly in ballast. We went into the sailors' quarters and into the captain's cabin a second time. Almost everything seemed to be in order. There was, however, evidence that a search of the vessel had been made; and I had an idea that the searchers were disappointed at finding little more on her than racks of poplar boards and pine shingles. We came upon little that was definitely suspicious. Of course the whole huge vessel, orderly, abandoned, intact and wrecked, was in itself a vast suspicion. But we found no clues to any foul work.

Having made our final search below, we returned to the deck and for a few minutes stood by the great wheel, which, glistening in the rays of the now declining sun, idly rocked. The sheets played idly in their rattling blocks. And we appeared as idle and helpless as the flapping sails, the rattling blocks and the rocking rudder wheel. As a matter of fact we did not know just what to do.

But we did not hesitate long. Sam Pinner took a professional squint at the sun; then he looked appraisingly at the clouds of snowy canvas towering and billowing above us. "Abner," he said, "she'd be a good deal less of a wreck if we'd warp down these sails, furl them close and cleat the whole business down close to the deck."

"It's the least we can do," I agreed.

Forthwith the four of us, all of whom were familiar with that sort of work, began to drop the sails and furl them swiftly and tight. It was sundown before we had finished, and we were a good way from home; but we had accomplished something.

"Dad," said Rodney, "I think the Coast Guard station ought to be notified about this tonight."

"Yes," I said; "we will send word as soon as we get home."

"Oh, look yonder, cap'n!" Mobile suddenly cried, pointing northward toward the mouth of the Santee.

All of us saw at once the object at which the negro was pointing; it was a steam vessel rather like a large destroyer and was painted black. Every line of her showed that she was built for speed. Spray was leaping up in front of her sharp bow, and her smoke was lying straight out behind her. I have seen fast boats in my time, but that one was unlike any others of my experience. The craft was rakish, yet formidable; and she was an utter stranger in those waters.

"What do you make her to be, Sam?" I asked Captain Pinner.

"A small cruiser," he replied, "with a fleet of dreadnaughts following her to sink her, if we may judge by the way she's running. Abner, I may be wrong, but I believe that vampire yonder coming out of the Santee at dusk knows something of this vessel here in the sands."

We watched the stranger until she was lost in the twilight; then we got into our small boat and headed back toward Shark Island and home. We planned to leave on the following day for the wild swamp country of Wittee Lake far up the Santee.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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MEMORIAL DAY

FACT AND COMMENT

IF YOU WOULD PLEASE OTHERS, forget yourself.

Oak Leaf and Squirrel's Foot, our Woodmen claim,
On May the Tenth should measure just the same.

MANY MEN SEEK FORTUNE in order to be independent: they should rather seek character, the only true source of independence.

A CROSSING FLAGMAN IN OHIO has quit his job because it was too much for his nerves. "Wild automobile drivers smash through gates as if they were meant to be broken down," he complains, "and the flagman himself has to be spry to avoid being hit."

THE FRENCH AVIATOR who in January remained aloft more than eight hours and a half in an aeroplane with the motor stopped recently took the air in a glider propelled by a seven-horse-power motor and flew and landed without the aid of a wind. The motorized glider that he used can make more than a hundred miles on a gallon of gasoline.

GERMAN HOUSEMAIDS continue to flock to any country where there is a chance for them to make a living. Holland is said to be overrun with them. A German steamer recently docked at New York with one hundred and thirty-five aboard. The girls, most of whom say that they are good cooks, were willing to work for wages below the ordinary rate.

MANY DEAF PERSONS seem to be able more or less distinctly to hear sounds that reach them by wireless, so that some who have always been deaf now enjoy music for the first time. Specialists are puzzled to explain why some deaf people are receptive to radio waves and others not, but it is said that about eighty per cent of the deaf can hear radio-borne sounds to some extent.

SOME DAY THE CACTUS may prove to be one of our most useful plants. Its value as a water reservoir has long been appreciated; lately it was found suitable for ensilage. Now come two other uses. In South Africa a man has found a way of converting the juice of the prickly pear into industrial alcohol, and an experimenter in Cuba asserts that he can make a superior quality of rubber from the juice of a certain kind of cactus.

THE SWEDISH CITY OF GOTHENBURG, which is to have a tercentennial exhibition this summer, plans to use the old ocean liner La Touraine as a floating hotel to accommodate its visitors. The vessel will be anchored close to the shore and connected with it by a pontoon bridge. The hotel facilities aboard such a ship compare favorably with any to be obtained on land. Some enterprising hotel manager in America should make a similar experiment while ships can be had almost for the asking.

THE SUCCESS OF CULION, the leper island of the Philippines, is cited as an example of what effective organization and the remedial use of chaulmoogra oil can accomplish in bettering the condition of lepers. At Culion the lepers carry on most of the activities of modern city life and run their own electric-light plant, refrigerating plant and sawmill.

Artisans work at their trades, storekeepers have their shops, and there are governmental organization and a police system similar to those of an American town.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGES IN TURKEY

THOSE good people who have feared that the unrest in Turkey, and particularly the rise to power of the ultra-nationalist Turks of Angora, would obstruct if it did not end the work of the American missionary colleges have no reason to be apprehensive. That at least is the message which Mr. Charles R. Crane brings back with him from the Near East. The Turks of Angora are not less interested in education than the corrupt court of Abdul Hamid was. As a matter of fact there is a leaven of liberalism and an ambition for progress mixed with the deep national feeling of Mustapha Kemal's party that promises to strengthen rather than to weaken the position of the American colleges.

For example, Halide Hanum, who is the most famous woman in Turkey, the leader of the movement for the emancipation of the Turkish women, who carried a gun in the recent war with the Greeks, and who has been minister of education at Angora, is herself a graduate of Constantinople College for Women, and her sons have studied at Robert College and here in the United States at the University of Illinois. Her influence is sure to be exerted in behalf of the American colleges. And Kemal himself, realizing the need for more educated men and women among his people and the impossibility of raising up a satisfactory Turkish school from among the ruins and the ignorance of the past, is almost equally well disposed toward the missionary schools. Their noble past comes now to their aid. The Turks know well enough how generously and broad-mindedly the schools have served the cause of education, and they know that never has there been any subterranean politics or any narrow self-righteousness in their administration. If the American colleges ever cease to be American, it will be not because they are closed but because the Turks themselves have advanced to a point where they can assume control of them.

But that is not likely to occur for generations to come. The American colleges are not for Turks alone. For years Greeks, Armenians, Albanians and Bulgarians have been educated there side by side. They are almost the only institutions that have worked in the Near East for friendliness and a common understanding among the different peoples. Now, it is reported, a good many South Russians are coming to Robert and Constantinople colleges. For a long time those institutions must continue to be the chief pacifying and elevating influence in that whole region, and they will do their work best under the impartial and friendly direction of teachers from America. And as long as they stand they will remain a monument to an American brotherliness and good will of which our country has every right to be proud.

A SOCIALIST FACES FACTS

THE British Parliament has been asked to nationalize all land. We have not got so far in this country, but there are voices demanding that coal lands be nationalized. The moment is deemed auspicious for that proposal; for the coal situation has been acutely unsatisfactory for a year past, continues to be unsatisfactory, though less acutely, and encourages the people who think no further to feel that any change in the system would probably be an improvement.

In a recent debate in the press between an advocate and an opponent of the nationalization of the coal mines it was interesting to see that the advocate was Mr. Golden, a district president of the United Mine Workers, and that the opponent was Mr. John Spargo, one of the best read and most authoritative writers on socialism in America. Nationalization of the coal mines is socialism or it is nothing. Yet it is defended by a man who is not a socialist, unless he has become one for this occasion, and attacked by a man who was long a socialist and who is the author of an excellent study of Marx's life and social gospel. We are led to believe that Mr. Golden wants it because he thinks his organization would profit by it, and that Mr. Spargo does not want it because he has become convinced that it would work badly for society at large. Mr. Golden is frankly

interested in his own trade. There is no harm in that if we make the appropriate discounts. Mr. Spargo is a social philosopher who is interested in what happens to that abused and often helpless creature, "the public."

Mr. Spargo admits that for years he was an ardent believer in the nationalization of the mines. Now he can write: "The great need of the world is a vast strengthening of the capitalist system"—not by increasing the concentration of capital in the hands of a few, but by making it easy and profitable for everyone to save and invest and own capital. The war has converted him, for he observed closely a score of socialistic and collectivistic experiments here and in Europe, from the running of our railways by the government to Lenin's soviet republic. Everywhere he has seen the growth of expensive and sluggish bureaucracies, the subjection of industry to politics, the increase of corruption, of malingering, of wastefulness. It is not an easy thing for a man to admit the fallacy of his beliefs and the shaking of his political faith. But an honest man can do the thing, hard though it be. Other men who are political philosophers and not theorists of the closet or seekers after class profit have found out in their time what Mr. Spargo has discovered. Thomas Jefferson was one. He was a radical even by present-day standards; yet he wrote: "I have observed that public works are never so advantageously managed as the same are by private hands." One who observes instead of dreaming or theorizing will always learn the same lesson. There may be profit for certain individuals in substituting governmental for private enterprise; but the people at large are sure to suffer.

REMEMBER THE LIVING DEAD

IT is well that we should do honor to those who gave their lives for their country. The memory of their heroic sacrifice persists in the hearts of all of us at all times; but it is well to set apart one day for special service and outward consecration.

It is well, also, that we should remember those who have not given their lives, but their health, their prosperity, their success, pretty much all that makes life in this world profitable and attractive. There are those who are indeed moving about among us, but who are maimed, crippled or otherwise injured, and who perform the offices of daily life with a steadfast courage only the greater for their manifest incapacity. Yet, Heaven forgive us! we sometimes lose our patience with them. There are those whom we never see and are too likely to forget, who are so thoroughly disabled physically or mentally that they can never again take any active part with their fellows and even in some terrible cases are so disfigured that their fellows can hardly endure the sight of them at all.

And we know that these latter are in a manner taken care of. The government, for which they sacrificed everything, provides physicians and nurses to do what is necessary, and what is necessary is done. But physicians and nurses are human; they have their own lives to live, and the care of a helpless, hopeless burden is too likely to be mechanical, and in times of hurry and fatigue there may be indifference, perhaps even neglect. And you say, what can I do about it? Alas! alas! too little. But you can at least pay your taxes with more conscience and less reluctance when you reflect that a part of them goes to provide for those who have given everything for you. When it becomes a question of giving directly for the relief or the entertainment of the disabled men in the hospitals you can drain your resources for a little more than they will stand. And you can all the time help to keep public sentiment alive in the matter, since, more than anything else, public sentiment will insure care and attention on the part of those whose business it is to provide them.

Not long ago the Prince of Wales visited a war hospital where there were thirty hopeless cases. He was introduced to twenty of them and talked with them. "Where are the other ten?" he asked. He was told that they were too badly injured for him to see, but he insisted and finally saw nine of them. He found it shocking and distressing enough, yet here again he was cordial and kindly. "But," he said, "there is still one more." "Impossible, Your Royal Highness. No one is allowed to see the poor fellow but the necessary doctors and nurses." "I am here to see them all," said the prince, "and I will see them all." The attendants gave way, and the last room was opened. For an instant the prince turned pale

and shook with the agonized pity of the spectacle. Then, summoning all his energy, he walked gently across the room and kissed the dreadful relic of a human face. In that moment he was more than a prince, more than a king; he was a young, normal, healthy man, with a life and a future before him, and that future will carry the shadow of a haunting, unforgettable, salutary horror.

We do not wish to impose unnecessary horror upon ourselves or our children. But we may at least make the effort to remember with sacred grief and sympathy those who gave far more than life, gave a busy, useful, hopeful, happy, young humanity, that their country might be saved.

THE RISING WAGES

"HARD times" are the periods when prices are falling, when the profits of trading and manufacturing are low and wages are dropping. Men economize, they buy and consume only what they can afford. In consequence they save even from reduced incomes and accumulate a surplus that enables them to share in the "good times" when conditions are reversed.

If that is a correct interpretation of the two phrases that we use without reflecting on their real significance, we cannot hesitate in deciding that we are now at the beginning of what are popularly known as good times. The Companion last week called attention to one aspect of the situation—the marked increase in the market price of many standard commodities. That is what first attracts the attention of the casual observer, but it is only one indication of a general condition. Business everywhere is active and increasing. The railways are moving an almost unprecedented amount of goods, and the chief lines are raising millions of dollars by loan to enable them to increase their equipment of motive power and freight cars. Most significant of all the symptoms, wages are rising. Within the past few weeks the earnings of hundreds of thousands of men and women employed in mining, manufacturing and building have been increased.

Why that phase of the situation is important is easily explained. The fluctuation in the earnings of men employed in the various industries is slow and infrequent. Cotton, iron and other merchandise go up or down in price, violently, and from day to day. Wages resist change. Strikes retard or prevent reduction and often force an increase. Consequently any general movement in either direction suggests a change of conditions that is likely to be more or less lasting.

The movement now taking place is further peculiarly significant in this: that in many industries and in many parts of the country it has been, not the outcome of strikes, but the result of voluntary concession by employers. Since employers are not too generally disposed to increase the wages of their men, there must be a reason for their action at this time. It is to be found in the comparative scarcity of labor—which means that there is little unemployment—and in the impression that prevails among the more farsighted of the employers that the present conditions are likely to continue for months or years to come.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS

EVERY politician in Great Britain, from the extreme "die-hard" Conservative to the most radical Labor man, would be grateful to anyone who could point out what it is best to do with the House of Lords. One and all they are dissatisfied with its position in the governmental system. Probably many of the radicals would welcome an opportunity to abolish it altogether; but undoubtedly a majority of all parties are opposed to a one-chamber legislature and favor reforming the House of Lords extensively rather than abolishing it.

Ten or twelve years ago, when the Parliament act was passed by which the Lords were deprived of the right to veto legislation, the government promised to bring in a bill at an early day to reform the upper house. Every prime minister since that time has renewed the promise, but not one of them has kept it.

What are the objections to the house as now constituted? Perhaps the broadest is the hereditary principle of membership. It is manifestly absurd to assume that because A. B. was a wise legislator his eldest son also will be a wise and fit person to make the laws of his country. Whenever the house is

reformed it is certain that no son of a peer will be, as of right, a member of it.

Since the Parliament act reduced the house to the position of an advisory debating society, the criticisms upon its constitution have come for the most part from its own members. It has been a grievance with them that its quality has been lowered by the elevation to the peerage of men of no particular eminence—some for no more worthy reason than that they had contributed lavishly to the campaign fund of the party in power. The selection of persons to be raised to the peerage is absolutely in the hands of the premier. Of course he receives advice on the matter, but some of it is bad advice. When he has decided he presents the list to the King, who accepts it without question. There has recently been a partial reform in the practice; for the prime minister is now required to submit his honor list to a standing committee of the Privy Council (whose advice he may or may not follow) and publish a statement of the reasons for conferring the honor in each case.

No one who reads the debates in the two houses of Parliament hesitates to rank those in the House of Lords as higher. It should be so, since almost all of those who take part in the proceedings have been promoted to that body from the Commons because of their ability as legislators and debaters. But they are a small minority of the membership. Lord Newton lately made the amazing statement that five hundred of the seven hundred members that now constitute the House of Lords had not attended a business session of the body in the last ten years; and only a few of the other two hundred attend regularly.

The late Lord Bryce, at the head of a group of veteran statesmen, proposed a plan for reforming the house, or rather for creating a second chamber, in which a certain number of lords, hereditary or appointed, would be members. His scheme met with some favor, but with many criticisms of its details. That has been the fate of every other proposal with the same object.

as those of previous generations did. There is therefore a serious and constantly increasing domestic problem. We have long known that it exists in this country, but we are perhaps a little astonished to know that it exists in the European countries too. The Swiss, who are fairly willing social experimenters, have begun to cast about for an answer to the problem, and as a result the various cantons have been asked to make a year's training in housewifery universal and compulsory. According to the plan proposed, every girl must give up a year before she is twenty to instruction in a public school of housewifery, where she will learn cooking, cleaning, laundering, dressmaking, marketing and simple nursing. The Swiss are of course divided over the plan. Some cantons will adopt it, and some will not. Some women oppose it as an encroachment on their personal liberty, just as some men oppose the Swiss law for compulsory military training. The main argument for the plan is this: if the home is worth preserving, it is essential to see to it that the women, who alone can make homes, shall be taught to do it economically and intelligently.

TYPHOID fever as a cause of death has almost disappeared in the cities of the country, where the water supply and the sanitation can be controlled. Last year in the larger cities the death rate from typhoid fell to 3.15 to the 100,000, less than a sixth of what it was twelve years ago. Back in 1882 it was about 60 to the 100,000. The improvement has not been so rapid in rural districts, but the situation was never so bad there as it used to be in the cities. There is a wonderful opportunity for medical officers and health boards in rural districts to wage a campaign against typhoid; for there is no disease that is more surely preventable.

ALTHOUGH the presidential election is eighteen months away, the politicians are already talking about candidates. Senator Watson and Attorney-General Daugherty have said that the Republicans cannot with justice to themselves or to the Administration do otherwise than renominate Mr. Harding; and if when the time comes the President desires a renomination, it is pretty safe to say that he will get it. It is generally believed that Senator Underwood and Mr. McAdoo, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, are to be presented to the next Democratic convention. If Mr. Underwood should be nominated, he will be the first resident of a Southern state named by either of the great parties since the close of the Civil War. Governor Smith of New York is likely to be a candidate in the Democratic convention; for he controls his party absolutely in that most important state. What will be the attitude of Senators La Follette, Borah and Johnson toward the nomination it is too early to predict. It would astonish no one to see Senator La Follette at the head of a third-party ticket.

THE Rev. William Wilkes, for a long time vicar of Shirley in England, died recently. He was a man of godly life and a faithful minister of religion, but the world will remember him as the man who gave it a new and lovely flower. It was in 1880 that Mr. Wilkes found in his vicarage garden a white-edged variant of the common scarlet poppy. He saved and planted the seed. Only a few plants produced the white-edged flowers, but those he carefully bred. The stock showed remarkable power of variation, and after a number of years the clergyman-botanist had produced not only white-edged poppies but pure white, yellow, pale pink and many other colors with golden centres instead of the black centres of the original field poppy. Those interesting and beautiful flowers now growing in almost every garden in the world are called Shirley poppies from the place of their origin.

UNDER the new income-tax law just proclaimed in Russia monthly incomes below 1,350,000,000 rubles—which amounts to about twenty-seven dollars—are not taxed. Above that the tax begins at six per cent and rises rapidly. Anyone who has an income that amounts to more than one hundred dollars a month in American money must pay the government eighty per cent of the excess. The tax is aimed at the merchants and speculators who are taking advantage of the scarcity of every kind of article in Russia to make quick fortunes. It is said that there are a great many such men whose income is now expressed in trillions of rubles a month.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

From Coast to Coast

From ten of the most widely heard radio-phon stations at regular weekly and semi-weekly intervals are broadcast readings, anecdotes and editorial comment, adventure and humor, bits of practical information for home use selected by the editors of The Youth's Companion for the entire family of radio listeners.

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CFUF, Montreal, P. Q.
KDKA, East Pittsburgh, Pa.
KYW, Chicago, Ill.
WOS, Jefferson City, Mo.
KLZ, Denver, Colo.
KFI, Los Angeles, Cal.

There is now no part of the Union in which some of the best things in The Companion cannot be heard as well as read.

CURRENT EVENTS

AFTER three months of the French occupation of the Ruhr there is astonishingly little derangement of the finances of either country. The prophecies of immediate disaster to both countries have not been fulfilled. The franc fell at first, but has made its way back nearly to the starting point. The mark has been more nearly stable in the last six weeks than during any similar period since the end of the war. Even the effect on British trade, as a government speaker in Parliament declared, has not been so great as every one feared.

IT is becoming harder and harder to get women to help in the work of the household, and when they can be had they cost so much that few can afford to hire them. At the same time girls at home do not learn housework and household management



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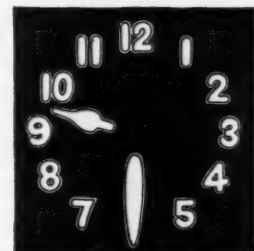
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The CHILDREN'S PAGE

MRS. CLUCK-CLUCK'S MAY BASKET

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

ROVER, the old farm dog, had been in mischief again. That could very well be seen by his nose, which was naturally black, but which now was yellow. It showed that he had been breaking eggs. No one knew why Rover, who went for the cows at night and tended the sheep during the day, should be so naughty about the hens' nests, but he was. Whenever he got a chance he would steal softly into the barn, nose round among the nests and break and eat the eggs. The funny thing about it was that he never understood how he was found out, for of course he could not see his yellow nose.

"Which nest has Rover been in this time?" grandfather asked Little Billy.

"Mrs. Cluck-Cluck's nest, grandfather," answered Little Billy sorrowfully, "and she was trying to set so that she would have some spring chickens. Poor Mrs. Cluck-Cluck!"

All the farmyard knew old Mrs. Cluck-Cluck. She had only about six feathers left in her red tail, and the younger hens were always pecking at her. Some of those who chased her and took away her corn and drove her out of the warm dust holes that she loved to snuggle into were Mrs. Cluck-Cluck's own daughters, grown up. The little old hen never pecked back, and when she had tried to sit this spring the other hens had tried to steal her setting of eggs.

And now Rover had broken them!

"Rover is such a good friend of Mrs. Cluck-Cluck's too!" said Little Billy. "He lets her sit between his paws beside the fire

SCALES

Verse and Drawing by Verna Grisier McCully

*I practice scales and play them all
It seems the whole day long,
But Goldie, my canary bird,
Just sings his twirly song
And doesn't practice scales at all.
I wish that it might be
That I could sing like Goldie Bird
While he plays scales for me!*



THE REASON FOR PUSSY WILLOWS

VERSES AND DRAWING BY L. J. BRIDGMAN

*Said Grandpa Cat, "In olden days
They had some very curious ways.
They used to switch a little kit
If he forgot and scratched a bit.
In Willowland, where switches grow,
Old Mother Nature chanced to go*

*"And saw the switches. 'Oh!' said she.
'Poor little kits! Now, let me see!
What can I do to help the kittens?'
She made some pillows, soft as mittens,
And with the very finest stitches
Sewed them on all the willow switches.*

*"For then it did not hurt a bit
When Father Cat switched little Kit.
It was a long, long time ago
They had those curious ways, you know.
But Mother Nature's downy pillows
Can still be seen on pussy willows."*

in the kitchen. I am sure that he did not know whose eggs he was breaking."

"Perhaps not," said grandfather, "but a dog mustn't be allowed to spoil a setting of eggs whether he knows whose they are or not. Rover must be punished. He must be taken into the barn, shown the trouble he has made for Mrs. Cluck-Cluck and punished for it."

Rover scented trouble even with his yellow nose. He looked at Little Billy's sober face and dropped his waving black tail. He followed Little Billy and grandfather out to the barn, and when they showed him poor Mrs. Cluck-Cluck's broken eggs he hung his head and looked sorry, for he knew that he should be punished, and that he deserved it.

But just as grandfather was ready to punish him a ball of flying feathers came like a little whirlwind down from the hayloft and something sharp and quick flew up and pecked grandfather's hand and Little Billy's bare legs. It was angry Mrs. Cluck-Cluck, who would not let her friend Rover be punished. The cross little hen went round and round Rover, so fast that she looked like a circle of ruffled feathers, and filled the barn with her scolding. Rover wagged his tail and looked cheerful. Here was a true friend, for grandfather laughed so much at the actions of the little old hen that he had to give up trying to punish Rover.

"I don't believe he needed it, grandfather," said Little Billy. "I think it was enough to show him her broken eggs. Didn't you see how sorry he looked when he saw them?"

That was in April, and soon a number of the other hens had broods of downy yellow chicks that looked like little gold puffballs. Mrs. Cluck-Cluck followed the new chicks about the farmyard, although the jealous mothers pecked at her and drove her off. She lost many feathers in trying to adopt a chicken or two, but when Rover was at home he followed and protected her as well as he could.

In spite of that, anyone could have seen that Mrs. Cluck-Cluck was not a happy hen. She laid few eggs and never tried to steal the nests of the others, but seemed to be settling down into the little old grandmother of the farmyard. It was very noticeable.

Rover was a busy dog in those days. He

had to go to pasture with the cows, come home in time to bark at peddlers who passed by the house, go down to the village for the newspaper and bring home in his basket any extra groceries that might be wanted before he went over to the hill where the sheep fed.

The 1st of May was like a day in a storybook. The sky was blue, the sun was gold, and there were plenty of rosy apple blossoms. In the morning Little Billy had found a basket of frosted cookies and peppermint

drops that grandmother had hung for him on the latch of his door.

Rover was gone for the newspaper longer than usual that day, but grandfather thought that the mail might have been late. About eleven o'clock Rover came into the kitchen with the newspaper. Grandmother noticed that he did not have the basket.

"I guess the hominy didn't come," grandmother said. "I telephoned to the man at the store to put a package of hominy grits in Rover's basket." Then grandmother went right on making sandwiches for the May party that was going to be held on the village green.

It was almost time to start for the party when she went for the basket. She wanted to use it for packing the sandwiches and the chocolate cake that she had made. "Where did you leave my basket, Rover?" grandmother asked. Rover hung his head and his tail but followed grandmother as she got out her pan of corn and went out to feed the hens.

The other hens were all there, but Mrs. Cluck-Cluck was missing.

"Rover," said grandmother, "have you been in mischief again? Have you lost my basket or chewed it up or broken any more eggs?"

The more grandmother talked to him the more ashamed Rover seemed to feel. Little Billy came in just then. "Where's Mrs. Cluck-Cluck?" he asked. "We'll see. Come along, Rover," said grandmother and started to lead the way to the barn. As they crossed the threshold Rover seemed to feel better. His tail went up, he wriggled all over and he led them at once to a basket of eggs behind the barn door—grandmother's store basket. It was nicely lined, and on the eggs and a package of hominy sat Mrs. Cluck-Cluck, looking important. Tied to the handle of the basket was a note addressed to grandmother. She took it off carefully and read:

I know your hens are not laying very well just now, so here are six fresh eggs from my hen yard.
Mrs. Brewster.

Mrs. Brewster was grandmother's neighbor who lived on the road to the store. She had stopped Rover on his way home and packed the basket, but Rover, as Little Billy said, had given the eggs for a May basket to Mrs. Cluck-Cluck, who wanted a brood of chicks.

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN



MAY QUEEN

By Nancy Byrd Turner

*Little Lucy Elizabeth, singing a song,
Was up on her tiptoes the blessed day long,
'Tomorrow, tomorrow,' she kept chanting gay,
'I'll help crown the queen, the fair queen of the May!'*

*She tripped and she skipped; she was so full of pride
That nothing would stop her and nothing would down her.
'Who's the queen?' we all asked. 'I don't know,' she replied;
'We haven't yet chosen. But I shall help crown her.'*

*Well, at last May Day dawned, as all May Days will do.
Lucy Liz was out early; her basket she filled
With roses and posies all wet with the dew.
'I shall help make the crown for the May queen,' she trilled.*

*At dusk she came home through the sweet-scented weather.
'You helped crown the May queen?' we asked all together.
Right proudly she lifted her flowery head.
'No, I was the May queen myself!' she said.*



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ACID DYSPEPSIA

THE stomach is a patient organ, and, despite the abuse to which the overeaters and the wrong eaters, who comprise the majority of civilized mankind, subject it, it seldom rebels. When it does rebel, however, it causes no end of discomfort.

The most frequent form of discomfort is what we call an acid stomach. At variable times after meals the victim begins to feel a burning sensation at the pit of the stomach and in more severe cases suffers from hot and irritating eructations that have a distinctly acid and acrid taste. Usually the condition lasts only an hour or two and then disappears until after the next meal. In some instances there is no other symptom; in others there is distinct pain, sometimes severe, that comes an hour or two after eating and lasts until digestion is completed. At the same time there is often tenderness to pressure at the pit of the stomach.

The difference in symptoms indicates more or less the kind of acid dyspepsia from which the victim is suffering. The trouble is of two kinds, the kind that is associated with actual disease of the stomach and the kind that is owing wholly to nervous influences. In the first-mentioned class there may be some obstruction to the passage of food into the intestine, or there may be an ulcer or even some malignant growth; in those cases pain is present, and the symptoms appear with the regularity of clockwork whenever any food is taken, no matter where the sufferer is or what he eats. However, the only way in which he can be absolutely certain that there is organic trouble is by submitting to a thorough examination. Treatment of that form is removal of the cause.

The nervous forms of acid stomach are characterized often by their irregularity. They make their appearance whenever the patient is worried or overtired, and they may go away for long periods to return as suddenly as they went. The digestion is often perfect when the patient drops work and goes off on a vacation, but gives trouble again as soon as the holiday is over.

Nervous dyspepsies must first be persuaded that they have no organic disease; they are usually good subjects for the Coué method or some kindred method. The basis of the trouble may be eyestrain; in that case well-fitting glasses will bring almost instant relief. Plenty of water should be taken, preferably between meals. Bicarbonate of soda in water may relieve temporarily but should not be relied on for a cure.

WEB AND SONG

"A SONGLESS web is unlucky," runs the saying in Eriskay. The women of that far Scotch island—bleak, lone and bare and wildly beautiful—see to it that few webs indeed are fashioned, pulled and finished without song. Poor in all things material, Eriskay is rich in folklore, music and tradition. There are many old, time-honored "waulking songs"; and variations of old ones or beginnings of new ones arise time and again during the waulking. Miss Amy Murray, the American musician, in her delightful book, *Father Allan's Island*, has described a waulking as she saw and heard it.

Homespun like the song itself and some twenty yards in length,—another point of likeness,—the web to be waulked is flung out, dripping wet, on the waulking board of heavy driftwood planks set up on stones. Ten women sit facing one another on either side, and when one of the company strikes up her "Hì ri liu il o?" (Who will blow the silver whistle?) each of the ten clutches her two fists full to the tune in time to send the web *deasil*—the way of the sun—round and round. At one she throws herself to right and lays hold; at two she brings it up in front of her; at three she pushes it off to left; at four she straightens up again; and so on, while the cloth, being thumped and rubbed and pulled and twisted by a score of hard-working hands, grows hot and shrinks.

Meanwhile the company are giving back their "Hì ri liu il o," to which the leader answers, "My king's son is come to Scotland"—and so they go on with verse and antiphon for some ten couplets. Then the leader strikes into a higher key; the tune goes more quickly; the women work harder. Ten stanzas more, and again the pitch goes up, and the work goes faster still. There are some fifty couplets in all to a waulking

song, at the end of which the waulkers catch their breath, while the *cailleach* (old woman) in authority measures with her Highland yardstick, which is four feet long, how much the cloth has shrunk and finally declares, "It will take about four or five songs more."

It is of course the tune that is the main thing; but music is so instinctive with the folk of Eriskay that they are often unaware, when asked to repeat or impart an air, exactly how they really sing it. Their music is not to them a separate art; it is, as Father Allan put the matter, their "way of doing it"—whatever thing it is they do it to music. But words as well as music help to guide action.

"When I am pulling," said the wife of Duncan, son of Donald, son of Caluinn, "if I get a word wrong, the cloth just goes all wrong!"

A GENTLE SOLDIER

TO an old New Orleans newspaper a woman who met Gen. Robert E. Lee on his last retreat from Richmond to Appomattox contributed some interesting reminiscences of the famous Confederate commander. The army had halted two miles from Petersburg on the road to Appomattox, she writes, and General Lee and his staff were asked to dinner at the house of an old friend who lived in Summit. Iced mint julep was the favorite beverage of Virginia gentlemen in those days, and when the staff and guests had assembled just before dinner was announced the glasses were passed.

General Lee was in conversation with a young woman. He offered his glass to her after the old style and then, barely raising it to his lips, set it down untasted. He took up and drank instead a glass of water.

As he rode away from Summit toward Appomattox on his favorite horse Traveler he passed the house of a poor old woman who had sent her three sons to the army. The youngest, whom she called Dolly, was her special pet. Like every poor Southern woman she believed that General Lee was the personal protector of her son. When she saw him she rushed out and caught his bridle.

"O General Lee," she cried, "what's become of my Dolly?"

Although he was then almost without hope of saving his army and was engrossed with plans for making a last desperate stand, the general, divining at once that Dolly must be a soldier's son, replied in his gentlest manner:

"Madam, if you will tell me Dolly's name and the name of his company and command, I will try to find out for you."

THE BOXING FAWNS

MY husband, writes a contributor, having occasion to walk through the woods one day, came to a small ridge, from the top of which he was able to look down into a small natural amphitheatre where several does and fawns were grazing and playing. As he had come upon them without their detecting him, he decided to remain and watch them.

The does were quietly grazing, keeping a watchful eye on the little ones all the while, much as a human mother would do. But the fawns were running, jumping and apparently having a joyful time. Suddenly to my husband's surprise two little fellows stood up on their hind legs and, as if they were boxing, struck the hoofs of their forefeet together so that the place rang with the clatter. While the "boxing contest" was going on the rest of the deer made a circle round the contestants and watched as eagerly as any human group.

HE HAD HELD HIS OWN

TWO middle-aged gentlemen paused on the bank of the pond to watch the crowd of merry skaters circle round. "I'd like to join them mighty well," said Mr. Rich to his companion. "I haven't had a skate on my foot for more than twenty years, though, and I expect I'd look pretty silly."

"Well, I don't know," replied Mr. Little. "I haven't worn skates for longer than that, but I believe I could skate today just as well as I could when I was twenty years old."

"Oh, come now," replied his friend. "You're an active enough man, but it's absurd to say that you could go out there and skate as well as you could when you were a boy!"

"I think I could," persisted Mr. Little mildly. "I couldn't skate at all then, and I guess I could do quite as well now."

IN CAT LANGUAGE?

LITTLE Alice was cuddled up in a big chair near the fireplace, reading aloud to her kitten, which was on her lap. Mother, coming into the room, smiled as she watched the two. "What on earth are you doing, Alice?" she asked.

"Reading fairy stories to kitty," the little girl replied soberly.

"Who ever heard of such a thing!" her mother exclaimed. "Why, don't you know your kitty can't understand fairy tales?"

"Of course I do," Alice admitted. "But I stop every little while and explain them to her."

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With last year's nests;
and if your rent
Goes up too high, it's
best to shift;
To pack and move is
sometimes thrift.

Arthur Guiterman



"EVERY INCH A KING"

IT is significant that the Great War, which saw the collapse of autocratic monarchy in Europe, has resulted in the greatly enhanced appreciation of two monarchs who reign with a zeal for the constitutional rights of their subjects. King Albert of Belgium and King George of England have in many ways doubly endeared themselves to their peoples. There are at least two well-authenticated stories in praise of the true kingliness of their characters.

Some little Belgian children who were playing outside a ruined village stopped on hearing the Angelus and drew near one of the wayside shrines. As they stood beneath it with heads bowed they began to recite the Lord's Prayer. On reaching "Forgive us our trespasses," the voices stopped. It was not long since the Germans had ruined their village; how could they pronounce the words "as we forgive those who—"?

For several moments the children were silent. Then they heard a man's voice behind them: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation—." Steadily the strong clear voice led the children through the prayer to the solemn amen.

And when they looked up there was a tall spectacled man in uniform surrounded by a small group of officers. He was their King, Albert the Good, who had proved himself their King indeed by insisting on their saying the greatest prayer of all—the prayer of forgiveness!

The other story is equally touching. Two English Tommies were standing at the corner of a street in a French town. "Have you ever seen King George?" asked one.

"Oh, yes," the other replied, "many times." "Ah, but you have never seen him cry!" I have. The King once visited our hospital; he went round all the beds of our ward, talking to every man. At last he came to a poor chap who had lost both legs and one arm—a terrible plight for the poor fellow! The King stood looking at him for a moment and then said, "My poor lad, how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir," was the chap's reply. "My God!" cried the King, and he burst into tears!

During his reign King George has done many things that stand to his credit, but when all else is forgotten those tears will be remembered. They reveal the kingly soul. We may some day dispense with monarchies entirely, but we can never do without the kingly spirit. If kings are to last, they must be "every inch a king."

THE LAST ADVENTURE

MRS. DAVIS gave a sudden exclamation of dismay and lowered her letter. "Oh, poor Muriel Fanshaw!"

Her niece waited a few moments and then asked, "Who is Muriel Fanshaw? And why is she poor?"

"She was the brightest girl in our class," Mrs. Davis answered, "and pretty and popular besides. You would have thought she had the best chance of happiness of any of us. But things have been against her all the way through; first her father died, then her mother had a long illness; then her brother's wife died, and she had her brother's children to bring up. And now she has become hopelessly crippled! She goes to the Home for Incurables next week. She announces it as casually as if she were running down to Atlantic City. That's her way. I—I just can't stand it to think of Muriel Fanshaw in prison the rest of her life! I don't see how God can let her!"

Muriel Fanshaw did not stay in "prison" very long. Less than a year after she had entered the home she was set free from her tired body. She went quietly, alone in the night. No one had supposed that her freedom was so near. Immediately everyone who knew her began to speak the thoughts that were uppermost in their minds.

"She did so much for us!" the nurses explained

to the superintendent. "We'd be blue or discouraged or edgy, and just a moment or two in her room would seem to straighten us out."

"There was nobody like her!" the patients cried. "She was always so ready to listen to your troubles or to help you out of them."

And when the flowers began to come some of them carried curious messages:

"I never saw her, but I feel as if I had lost a dear friend. She wrote my sister's letters for her, and she always put in something about her as well as what she said."

"She wrote to me when my baby died. I'll keep that letter always."

Finally one of the nurses brought a bit of paper to the superintendent. The date on it was the day before the girl had come to the home. "I found it on the floor of her room," said the nurse. "I suppose it dropped out of something. I thought maybe if everybody could hear it—"

The minister read it at the funeral: "I am going to my new adventure tomorrow. It was a battle at first; then I thought how much time Jesus Christ must spend there. He must need people to help Him with so many. I am going to dedicate my room to Him to use as He will."

"We called her a prisoner," said the minister, "and all the time she held the freedom of the universe. God Himself bestowed it upon her, the God who accepted her gift and so used her little room that every life that crossed its threshold was blessed thereby."

That night Mrs. Davis, reading the city paper, exclaimed, "Muriel Fanshaw has gone! Oh, poor Muriel!"

THE VETERAN RECOVERS HIS GUN

HAVING read in The Companion the story of an overseas veteran who found in a store where renovated army goods were for sale the cap he had worn in France, former Governor MacCorkle of West Virginia writes us of an even more remarkable coincidence that he witnessed.

When I was governor of West Virginia in 1893, he says, a veteran of the Civil War came into my office to get some information about pension matters. I told him where he could find it, and we had some talk about his four years in the army. I told him that I had taken the old army material that was assigned to West Virginia after the war, had got it into order and put it where it could be seen.

I took him up to the armory where the old material was and showed it to him. "I carried my gun," he said, "for four years through the war and cut my name on the stock, and have often wondered what became of the old piece."

He picked up several of the old Minié rifles, pointed them and remarked that they seemed natural to him. After he had picked up the third one and pointed it a look of incredulous amazement came over his face. He handed the gun to me and said, "Governor, here is the gun that I carried for four years." Looking upon the stock, I found there cut his name, his company, his regiment and the name of his home town. He stood there with tears in his eyes and hugged the old gun to his breast.

That is not all. There was a huge pile of old army canteens. "My old canteen," he said, "had my name on it the same as my musket." He walked over and looked over the pile of canteens and with another exclamation of surprise took up one of them. There among the dents and knocks of four years' service was scratched his name, residence, regiment and company.

I need hardly say that the old veteran went home hugging to his bosom both the gun and the canteen.

REYNARD, THE FOX

THE fox is not always so clever as he gets credit for being. Sometimes his apparent guile is merely the result of his taking the easiest course. He is sometimes praised, for example, for running in a well-trodden path and thus confusing the hounds by mixing his scent with the scents of the users of the path—animals or men. He is using the path, however, merely because he is tired and it presents the easiest running. Again, when he "plays possum" he is merely following an instinct common to many animals and birds and doing nothing that can be called original thinking. But he can sham dead with extraordinary persistence and thoroughness. Listen to the second anecdote from our English writer:

Our old huntsman was on one occasion unpleasantly startled when a fox that he was about to "break up" suddenly "came back to life" and fastened on his arm. I once had a somewhat similar experience. A comparatively fresh fox had been headed into the very mouths of the pack and rolled over, but somehow during the worry he was dragged into a deep tunnel where as it happened few hounds could get at him. He appeared to be quite dead, however, when I got there; so, picking him up carefully, I carried him some distance into an adjoining field, mainly to draw the hounds away from the horses.

The fox hung limp in my grasp even when held up for the benefit of somebody who wished to inspect a fancied peculiarity about his head; and just as limply did he subside when at last I laid him down. But the moment the grip on his neck relaxed, the moment he felt himself lying

untrammelled on the grass, he leaped to his feet like lightning, slashed open the muzzle of a hound that jumped to intercept him and was gone!

A LITERARY CURIOSITY

HAVE you ever happened to see this literary curiosity? From the works of thirty-eight American and English authors some painstaking searcher chose these lines, each from a different author, but together making a remarkable set of verses, packed with good advice. We quote:

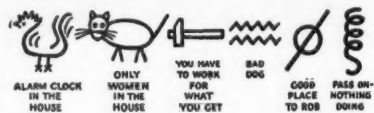
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?—Young.
Life's a short summer, man a flower.—Dr. Johnson.
By turns we catch the vital breath and die.—Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas, so nigh.—Prior.
To be is better far than not to be.—Sevel.
Though all men's lives may seem a tragedy.—Spenser.
But light cares spread when mighty griefs are dumb.—Daniel.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.—Sir Walter Scott.
Your fate is but the common fate of all.—Longfellow.
Unmingled joys to no man here befall.—Southwell.
Nature to each allots its proper sphere.—Congreve.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.—Churchill.
Custom does not often reason overrule.—Rochester.
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.—Armstrong.
Live well, how long or short permit to heaven.—Milton.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.—Bailey.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.—Trench.
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.—Somerville.
Then keep each passion down however dear.—Thomson.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—Byron.
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay.—Smollett.
With craft and skill to ruin and betray.—Crabbe.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.—Massinger.
We masters grow of all that we despise.—Cowley.
Oh, then renounce that impious self-esteem!—Beattie.
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.—Cowper.
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave!—Sir William Davenant.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.—Gray.
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.—Wills.
Only destructive to the brave and great.—Addison.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—Dryden.
The way of bliss lies not on beds of down.—Francis Quarles.
How long we live not years but actions tell!—Watkins.
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—Herrick.
Make then, while yet you may, your God your friend.—William Mason.
Whom Christians worship yet not comprehend.—Hill.
The trust that's given guard and to yourself be just!—Donne.
For live we how we can, yet die we must.—Shakespeare.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE ROAD

CURIOUS indeed are the signs that criminals, especially European criminals, make for the purpose of communicating with one another. The late Hans Gross, professor of "criminalistics" at the University of Graz, made a study of the system—and a most interesting system it is. For example: A tramp or criminal who wishes to communicate privately with his comrades of the road draws a few apparently meaningless hieroglyphics and pictures on a convenient wall. A passer-by, seeing the crude marks, smiles indulgently at what he takes to be an expression of schoolboy art. That night or the next a house is robbed. The drawings on the wall informed the underworld that one of their number wanted help to rob the house on such and such a date. The time, the place and the character of the job were all set forth in language as plain as print to those who knew how to read it. The writer even affixed his signature by drawing a picture of a parrot or a fox or a clown or whatever object represented the name by which he was known among his associates. Whoever wanted to help him was present at the specified time and shared in the profits.

Nowadays in this country information that tramps or thieves chalk upon walls concerns perhaps the theft of a few chickens and might be signed "Philadelphia Pete" or "French Louis."

"The most remarkable drawing of the old characters to be seen in Professor Gross's collection," says Mr. Waldemar Kaempfert in the Century Magazine, "represents a landscape drawn in a single line. It was the escutcheon of a notorious vagabond who had once been a landed proprietor. Single-line drawings have always been popular among criminals of the road. Nowadays an arrow indicates the direction in which a vagrant is traveling, and easily legible dates indicate the time of his arrival and of his departure."



The arrow may pass through rings and may have as appendages long and short strokes perpendicular to the shaft. Every European gypsy knows that the rings denote the number of children, the long strokes the number of male comrades, and the short strokes the number of women."

WILLIAM HOWE, HERO

IT is a short story. It all happened in a few seconds, that act of quiet courage and quick wit. William Howe did nothing daring, and yet, says Mr. W. A. Rogers, who tells the story in his reminiscences, "there was in the man's deed a most supreme self-sacrifice, a grandeur of lonely heroism never quite paralleled in any deed of which I know."

On a summer afternoon in 1902, writes Mr. Rogers, a train drawn by two engines and loaded with passengers was ascending the last grade on its way to Lake George over a branch of the

Delaware & Hudson Railway. At the throttle in the forward engine sat William Howe; he was a quiet man, and in his home across Lake Champlain lived his wife and his children. Suddenly he saw far up the grade in front of him a flat car loaded high with huge timbers coming down toward him. It had broken loose on a side track at the top of the grade and was now on the main track, rushing at increasing speed. A collision was inevitable.

"Get over the tank," Howe said quietly to his fireman. "Pull the pin when I slack up and stay on the rear engine."

"But you!" said the fireman.

"Never mind me. Do as I say."

The fireman obeyed. The forward engine whistled for the brakes; then it slackened speed. The fireman pulled the pin. Then with every pound of steam on and with the throttle out full the engine leaped forward toward the on-coming car.

There was no time then for the engineer to jump; only a moment passed before his engine plunged into the towering pile of onrushing timbers. But who shall say what thoughts flashed through the quiet hero's mind in that moment as he went to his death? His duty to those people on his train—people whom he had never seen, but whose safety was sacred to his simple code! His home across the blue lake! And then—death!

THE CAT THAT GAVE IT UP

WHILE standing at my window, says the late W. H. Hudson in the Cornhill Magazine, I noticed a pied wagtail running about in the road below; a moment later a big cat came over the road on its way home to the house next door. When he was within perhaps four yards of the wagtail he stopped short; his body stiffened, and with eyes fixed on the bird he crouched and remained in that position, motionless as a piece of stone except that the tip of his tail curved and uncurved and moved from side to side. The predatory instinct was alight and fiercely burning in him.

Then came the advance, the slow crawling movement that is hardly perceptible to a creature directly in front. The advance continued until the cat was within six feet of his prey; and all the while the wagtail went on searching for crumbs and appeared to take no notice. The bird knew, I suppose, that a stroke of his wings would place him out of danger, and that the exact moment had not yet come. All at once the cat, so near his bird, so intent on it, stood up, unstiffened and, turning, walked away deliberately to his own garden gate and went in!

Here we are confronted with the old unsolved problem. Do animals reflect? Is even the mentally highest among them capable in a case like this of recognizing that the thing contemplated is impossible, and that he might as well abandon the chase? I really think he is; and actions like the stalking cat's and many other actions of cats that I have observed serve to convince me that some of the higher animals have something more than just the unreflecting intelligence that in many instances cannot easily be distinguished from what we call reflection in ourselves.

WE WONDER WHAT THE COLONEL SAID

IN one of Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's lively essays about the distinguished figures of the Civil War time he tells a story that shows that Stanton, Lincoln's brusque Secretary of War, once met a man equally brusque, who refused to be browbeaten and gained his point. Says Mr. Bradford:

Colonel Dwight went to the secretary to get a pass for an old man to visit his dying son. The pass was refused; whereupon Colonel Dwight said: "My name is Dwight, Walter Dwight, lieutenant colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. You can dismiss me from the service as soon as you like, but before I go I am going to tell you exactly what I think of you."

He did so and Mr. Stanton gave him his pass!

THE SCOUTS SAY "BE PREPARED"

TOMMY had been forbidden by his mother to go swimming. But when he came home his hair was wet, and he had a wet bathing suit under his arm. Of course he received a severe scolding.

"But I was tempted so badly, mother," the boy protested. "I couldn't help it."

"That is all very well," his mother replied, "but how did you happen to have your bathing suit with you?"

"Well, mother, I took my bathing suit with me, thinking I might be tempted."

A TICKLISH CUSTOMER

AN English tourist driving through the Irish back country in a jaunting car passed a man in ragged clothing.

"It must be awful to be in such a state of poverty as that!" exclaimed the Englishman in a sympathetic tone.

"Poverty, yer honor?" said his driver. "It's not poverty that has caused him to wear rags. The fact is, that man is so ticklish there is not a tailor in the country that can take his measure!"



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DEACON HYNE LAYS OFF HIS SCARF

DEACON LYSANDER HYNE, muffled about the throat with a heavy woolen scarf and shuffling slowly down the street, paused to pass the time of day with Caleb Peaslee. Caleb greeted him cheerfully.

"Wal, wal, Hyne," he called, "I ain't seen you for four-five days. What's been the matter, feelin' kind of mauger?"

The deacon essayed a hollow cough. Failing to achieve a satisfactory one, he said, "I d'know what's been the matter of me. I got a cold, and this cough come on; then my head sot up and ached, and so did my jints. I've been at it off 'n' on for near a week now. But today I told my wife I was goin' outdoors and get some fresh air. I sort of jealousy it might do me good."

"Do ye good sartain!" Mr. Peaslee assured him. "I can rec'lect a man that was cured that way of suthin' he claimed ailed him for mebbe three-four years. In the b'ginnin I should guess there wa'n't any gre't the matter with him, but he listened to folks tellin' him what he ought to do and what he'd better take and what to eat and what not to till he fin'ly cozened himself into bein' act'ly sick. He pindled down to half what he ought to weigh." Caleb pinched his chin reminiscently. "Dr. Walcott told me afterwards that he'd gi'n Brady less'n a year to live."

The deacon forgot his ailings enough to brighten a little with curiosity. "Brady?" he repeated. "You don't mean Eb Brady? He weighs better'n two hundred pounds and don't look 'sif he ever had a sick day in his life."

Mr. Peaslee nodded. "That's the man. It was when the typhoid struck this town. That was thirty years ago pretty near, but even now folks'll speak of it as 'the sick winter.' There was somethin' like fifty fam'lies in the neighborhood in those days, and out of the fifty thirty odd had one or more cases of it. There wa'n't half 'nough well folks left to nuss the sick, and as for doin' chores and to fetch and carry, there wa'n't anybody. And Dr. Walcott had the whole of that on his hands."

"Wal, right in the midst of the wust of it Brady got to broodin' over himself, and he took a notion he'd got a tech of it same's all the rest. Livin' alone as he did,—he was a bachelor then,—he begun to get frighted; so one mornin' he kep' watch, and when Dr. Walcott come up over the hill Eb clapped an old shawl over his head and dragged himself out to the road and hove the doctor to, tellin' him how he was 'fraid he had the typhoid and wantin' to be looked over."

"For a minute the doctor—so he told me afterwards—was on the p'int of tellin' Brady what he really thought of him, but then he had a thought, and he got out and hitched his boss. Once inside the house, he looked Brady all over and looked as wise and solemn as he could. Fin'ly he says: 'I'm glad you called me when you did, Brady, for as 'tis I think you've got 'bout one chance left; but you've got to do jest as I tell ye.'"

"Wal, Hyne, Brady was near scared to death, and he promised he'd do jest as the doctor told him to. So with that the doctor opened his case and mixed up somethin' very careful and give Brady a good big dose of it. Then he says: 'Now you get on your heaviest duds and come right along with me,' he says, 'for that med'cine's got to work in the open air; it won't have a mite of majesty inside the house.'"

"So Brady woolled himself up in thick coats and went 'long with the doctor, scared so bad he couldn't talk. 'Twa'n't long 'fore they come to a house where they was 'bout all sick, and when they turned into the yard the doctor says: 'Twon't do for you to go inside while that med'cine's workin', and 'twon't do for you to set still outside; you've got to keep movin'. So you better get up some stove wood and lug it into the shed till I come out again.'"

"With that he went in, and Brady, mindful of his promise, sot to work for the first time in years. The doc told me afterwards it was funny to watch him out of the window; when he'd been at work ten minutes he'd shed coat after coat till he had a pile of 'em big's a small cock of hay. After a spell the doc came out, and Brady bundled up, and they went off; and every place they stopped the doctor found some chores for Brady to do. When it come night, except for bein' dog tired, Brady moved better'n he had for a year, and about thirty families had got their outside chores done for the first time in days."

"And that was only the beginning; day after day the doc kept him at it, and every day Brady moved a little sprier and did more work. Fin'ly the day come when he felt so good he up and told the doctor that he believed he was wholly cured, and he says: 'I guess you'd better give me my bill, doc, 'fore it gets so big I can't pay it.'"

"The doctor looked at him a minute and then busted right out laughin'. 'Good land, Brady,' he says, 'you don't owe me anything! It's the other way round,' he says. 'I owe you, and so do forty fam'lies in this neighborhood. Bein' outdoors and workin' cured you; 'twa'n't me,' he says. And from that day Brady has never been sick as fur's I know."

The deacon looked at Caleb fixedly, but Caleb's face was free from guile. "Wal, anyway," the deacon said at last, "I'm feelin' enough better so's I guess I'll lay off this scarf, and mebbe you'd like to come on down to the post office with me. Hey?"

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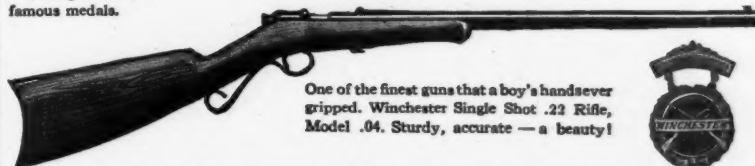
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